HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XV.—No. 746.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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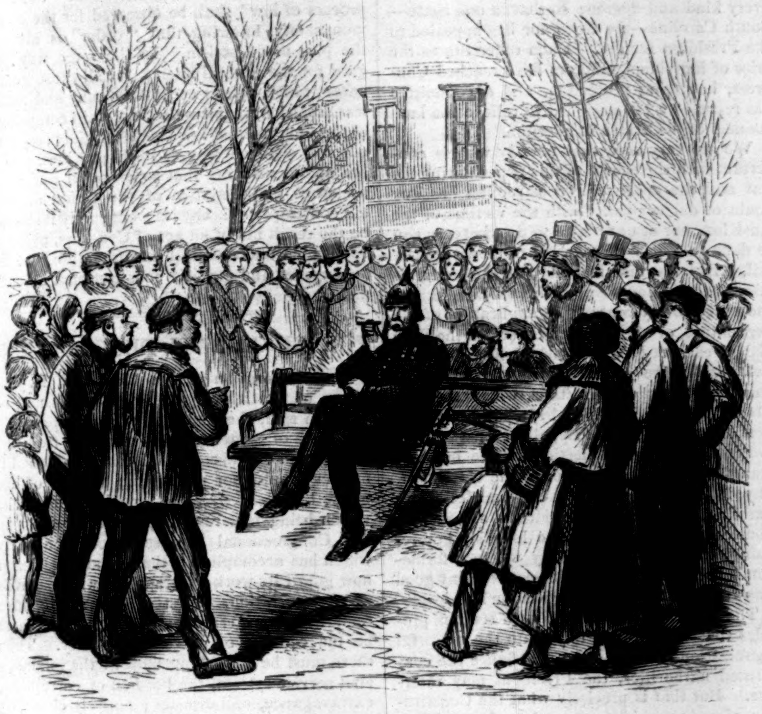


AN OBJECT OF CURIOSITY IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.—[See Page 339.]

THE PENALTY OF SPEAKING TO A GERMAN SOLDIER.—[See Page 339.]

THE GERMANS AT THE TUILERIES.—[See Page 339.]

SCENES IN PARIS DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871.

In this Number of the WEEKLY *will be found the continuation of* CHARLES READE'S *powerful and absorbing story,*

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,

commenced March 1.

The SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a magnificent double-page Cartoon, by* NAST, *showing, on one side,* "THE EVACUATION OF PARIS BY THE GERMAN TROOPS," *and on the other,* "THEIR RECEPTION IN BERLIN;" *interesting reminiscences of* JAMES MONTGOMERY, *with illustrations; an engraving of the* INSIGNIA OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE; *a fine sketch called* "HUNTING EASTER-EGGS;" *and many other attractive features.*

AMNESTY THE REPUBLICAN POLICY.

THE Republican party, upon coming to power in 1861, was forced to deal with the rebellion. How formidable the emergency was will never be forgotten by this generation, nor with what patience, valor, unbending resolution, and complete triumph the danger was confronted and overcome. The party maintained the government, emancipated the slaves, amended the Constitution in the interest of equal liberty, and restored the rebellious States to their relations within the Union. We say the Republican party did this; because, if the Democratic party had controlled the government, the power of the slaveholding aristocracy would have been so confirmed as to make national regeneration almost hopeless. Had the Democratic party been in power during the last ten years, slavery would still have existed in half the country; the national flag would have protected it in the Territories; free speech would have been annihilated; all the great guarantees of progressive liberty and civilization would necessarily, under the dominance of slavery, have been destroyed, and the spirit and purpose of the Union would have been utterly defeated.

This appalling catastrophe, not only to this country but to constitutional liberty every where in the world, was avoided by the national success of the Republican party in the election of 1860, and by its continued success to the present time. Meanwhile every measure for securing the logical results of the war, and for confirming the equal rights which it had established, has been obstinately resisted by the Democratic party. As its theory of State rights—vaguely and loosely expounded and asserted in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions—supplied the pretense of the rebellion, and its protection of the oppression of slavery fostered the inspiring cause, so it has strenuously opposed all legislation that tended to remove the roots of the difficulty from our politics, and has sedulously encouraged hatred and contempt of the race which we have so cruelly wronged, but whose equal rights have been legally and formally acknowledged.

Despite this malignant hostility, strengthened, as the movements of incipient rebellion were, by want of reflection upon the exact nature of the government, the Republican party has carried all its great measures of reconstruction. But the whole policy known by that name was necessarily experimental, and certain of its measures were, in their nature, temporary. Disfranchisement was especially one of these. It was thought necessary, in the actual situation, to except very considerable numbers of persons from any active part in politics. Of course these persons were among the most intelligent of the citizens of certain States, whose ability had secured them the confidence and given them the leadership of their fellow-citizens. What the result might have been had the policy been different it is not necessary to inquire. The most conspicuous Republican who had friendly doubts was Governor ANDREW, of Massachusetts. But the loyal country which had maintained the Union unquestionably demanded that policy, and it was adopted.

The time has now come for a change. It is evidently most desirable that the control of the States which have been fully restored to their relations in the Union should be intrusted to all their citizens, and that the most intelligent class should not be excluded. It is also desirable that no system which, by disfranchisement, encourages hostility of classes or races, should even seem to be favored by the national government. Such a system is sometimes imperative as a choice of evils. But in a free State a disfranchised class, especially when it is that of the most enlightenment, is a perpetual menace. There can be no proper peace while it exists. As it used to be said, and to be truly said, of slavery, that it was suppressed civil war, so it may be as truly said of a political community, in which a leading part is arbitrarily disfranchised, that it is smouldering strife; from time to time the fire will leap out in angry flame.

A general amnesty, the removal of all disqualifications resulting from the rebellion, should be heartily declared as the policy of the Republican party. It was long since demanded by some of its most eminent leaders. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, has steadily insisted upon its wisdom; and there are many who thought its demand to be premature when it was made, who are fully persuaded that the time is now ripe. The emphatic declaration of the Republicans of Ohio shows how profound and how general the conviction of the wisdom of this measure has become in the party. And it is of great importance that it should be the work of the Republicans, that it may be seen not to be a concession to the spirit of the Ku-Klux by the party which the Ku-Klux supports, and of which it is an agency. As the disabilities were imposed because it was thought that the public welfare required them, so they may now be removed for the same reason. For the public welfare imperatively demands Republican ascendency, and that is in some degree imperiled by a policy of continued disfranchisement. The conditions of national pacification can not be complete until amnesty is universal, and for every reason that final measure should be the work of the party of liberty.

THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC PLANK FOR 1872.

THE Democratic party in New York, under the immediate management of those who propose to nominate the party candidate for President, has decided, after ample opportunity for reconsideration, after a year's exposure and debate in the press and by public opinion of the iniquity of the measure, to maintain the Erie bill. And the party which has deliberately done this, which identifies itself with this destruction of the most sacred private rights, asks the country to confide to it the national government because the Republican administration is dishonest and reckless of individual right!

We remind our readers, especially in other States, of the facts so familiar here. At the annual Erie Railway election in October, 1868, the notorious persons who control the road, by methods which are equally notorious, such as closing the transfer-books a month before the usual time, and voting on stock which had been already sold and delivered, caused themselves to be elected directors. In May, 1869, the "Erie bill" was pushed through the Legislature. It provided that the directors of four roads named in the bill might classify themselves, so that instead of going out annually, only one-fifth of their number should retire every year. The directors in whose favor the bill was passed, and of whom Mr. TWEED was one, sure of securing their re-election in 1869 by the means used in 1868—namely, by voting upon shares already sold and delivered to foreign holders—waited until October before they classified, and then the body known as the Erie Ring took, of course, the longest term.

The protest, when the details of the bill were known, was universal. Governor HOFFMAN, the mere agent of Mr. TWEED, retained the bill, hesitating to sign it. But Mr. TWEED was peremptory, and Mr. TWEED is Tammany, and Tammany is Governor HOFFMAN'S reliance for the future; and so, with a paper of explanations, he signed the bill. He said that there was no serious opposition in the Legislature, as if the veto were not given to him to use in that very case when there ought to be serious opposition in the Legislature, and none appeared. The tone of his paper showed his perception that he was doing an act which needed excuse, but for which no excuse was valid. He was authorizing those who had not been honestly selected by the owners of a property to manage that property for five years! Some of his own party papers cried out against the iniquity. A man, said the *World*, who owns Erie stock could now no more get control of it before it was ruined than if it ran among the mountains of the moon. It denounced the bill as "that monstrous injustice," as "simply indefensible," and declared that its Governor ought to covet "an opportunity to rectify the mistake he made in approving that piece of knavery." In saying these things the *World* spoke for all honest and intelligent men.

As it was always said by the lackeys of the Ring that the Legislature which passed this infamous law was a Republican Legislature, and that Republicans must bear the responsibility, Mr. GOODRICH, of Kings County, a Republican in the present Legislature, promptly moved the repeal of the law. The subject was referred to the Railroad Committee. There was a majority report from the Democratic members of the committee presented by the chairman, Mr. JOHN L. FLAGG, of Troy; and one from the minority, in which Mr. SMITH M. WEED, a Democrat from Clinton, joined the Republican members. The minority report was in every way conclusive. But when the Assembly was called to decide, fifty-eight Democrats and two Republicans voted to retain the Erie bill, and fifty-two Republicans and five Democrats to repeal it. The Republicans who originally voted for the bill are entitled to the excuse of not fully comprehending it, but the Democrats who voted not to repeal it vote in the full light of the most blasting exposure. The Republicans of New York, thanks to Mr. GOODRICH, have cleared themselves and their party of all complicity in this most wanton and startling attack upon private rights, and the first and chief plank in the HOFFMAN Presidential platform is the Erie bill.

It is for Democrats elsewhere to choose whether this is the kind of policy which they wish to transfer to Washington, and for good citizens every where to decide whether they shall.

THE KU-KLUX BILL.

No one who was familiar with the unspeakable horrors of slavery, or who knew its degrading, demoralizing, dehumanizing effect upon the master class, will doubt that the stories of the Ku-Klux atrocities are substantially true. They may be exaggerated in number. They may be misrepresented in certain cases. But the political and social hate from which they spring will not be denied. Citizens of the United States, because they are black, or because, being white, they sympathize with the black citizens, and both black and white because they are loyal to the Union and of the Republican party, are exposed to violence of every kind and degree; so that in one State—South Carolina—the Governor has appealed to the President for aid. From other States the cries of individual sufferers have reached Congress, imploring protection, and a committee has reported a bill designed to relieve the lawlessness of the States in question.

We are very sure that nobody who is conversant with the course of this paper during the war and the epoch of reconstruction has any doubt of our sympathy with the victims of the Ku-Klux, nor of our desire to do whatever can be done to succor them, short of doing greater evil. But the first fact that we encounter is this—that the Constitution of the United States guarantees every State, "on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature can not be convened), against domestic violence." The second fact is that the Governors of many of the States which the Ku-Klux ravage are in political sympathy with the President, and with the Republican majority in Congress. If the domestic violence in those States is beyond the control of the Governors, why do they not, with the Governor of South Carolina, require the President's aid, as the Constitution authorizes? So long as they refrain from the demand—they whose information is immediate and ample—is there any good reason for extraordinary legislation?

The proposed bill, in its fourth section, provides that whenever in any State the unlawful organizations violently set at defiance the constituted authorities, the President may interfere. But that is precisely what the Constitution already provides, upon the sole condition that the Legislature, or the Executive, testifies the inability of the local authority to deal with the disorder. But the bill, omitting this condition, leaves to the President to determine when the State authority is insufficient. Is that, upon reflection, a wise change in the system; and if it be, can it be made by an act of Congress? And again, if it be wise, and if it can be made by Congress, why should it be a provision which is to expire on the first day of June, 1872, as the same section provides? The peril is always possible; ought not the law, therefore, if unquestionably constitutional, to be permanent? These are grave questions, as our fellow-Republicans will see.

The bill proceeds, in the same section, to declare that if the constituted authorities themselves, instead of asking aid of the national government, become accomplices in the disorder, the situation shall be deemed a rebellion, and the President may suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, and suppress the difficulty by arms. This, again, makes the President the sole and final judge of the complicity of the State authorities in a conspiracy, and empowers him practically to supersede them. There is a riot in Boston, for instance. The President, with or without reason—for no system of evidence is mentioned—decides that it is the work of an armed and numerous combination, with which the State authorities are unable to deal, or with which they are in league, and thereupon marches troops to restore order. This is the scope of the bill. This is the grant of power until the 1st of June, 1872. Is it wise? Is it desirable that the Republican party should make it? Is it safe for liberty that it should be made? If it be, ought the power to expire next year?

That there are emergencies in which even the fundamental law must be disregarded to save both itself and the country is true. That there was no folly so criminal as that of the assertion that armed and summary resistance to secession was unconstitutional, is unquestionable. But with Republican Governors in many disordered States, and a constitutional provision empowering them to ask aid against insuperable domestic violence, is there any necessity for suspending the fundamental law? It will not be forgotten that in 1866, while the legislation of reconstruction was proceeding, and before the lately rebel States were restored, the project of an amendment to the Constitution, expressly providing that Congress should have power to secure "to all persons in the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property," was, upon motion of Mr. CONKLING, postponed, and not called up for consideration. If at that time, and under those circumstances, it was thought necessary—if such an object were desirable—to provide for the purposes of the present bill by an amendment of the Constitution, upon which it was not deemed wise to take action, can it be desirable now to aim at that object by a mere act of Congress? Or will it be alleged that the proposed amendment of 1866 was not called up because the power conferred by it was believed to be included in the Fourteenth Amendment? Mr. BINGHAM, indeed, says that he drew the amendment, and that the power was meant to be conferred. It is certainly most unfortunate, then, that the first form was not retained.

The deplorable and menacing condition of some of the Southern States can, perhaps, hardly be exaggerated. If we were to heed feelings only, all loyal and orderly citizens would resort to the most summary measures. Indeed, when great crimes are committed any where, the instinct is to demand instant vengeance. Reason and experience, however, insist that "the due process of law" shall be observed for the common safety, knowing that "order" is always the plea of despotism. In the same way regard for the general liberty, for all those guarantees which defend us from tyranny and ruthless ambition, requires that the plain conditions of the fundamental law shall be rigidly respected, and changed only as itself provides. We are not now saying that so essential and vital a change in the system of the Union as this bill contemplates is unwise; but surely it should be the result not of an act of Congress, under a challenged and doubtful interpretation, but of an express and explicit constitutional amendment.

THE CINCINNATI DECLARATION.

THE declaration of the Cincinnati Republicans, of which we spoke last week, is not, as we then said, the platform of a new party, in the sense of contemplating secession from the Republican organization. Those who signed it neither intend nor expect the rupture of the party, but its progress and purification. The Union being now restored, and every State in full Congressional representation, the party which has accomplished that great result must now guard its work by grappling with the evils of administration. First of all, as we have remarked elsewhere upon this page, there must be the courage of universal amnesty. Then there must be a crushing blow at the infamous civil service system, the hot-bed of corruption, extravagance, and disaster; entirely changing its principle, and thereby healing some of the exasperation of politics. And there must be a very careful revision of the principle and details of the tariff, bearing always in mind the necessity of a great revenue raised by indirect taxation, and the cardinal fact that the nation, as the guardian of our liberty, must guard every resource and industry indispensable to self-protection. The details of a tariff must, of course, be difficult to settle, but the general principle of equity that should govern it is apparent. The return to specie payments is a result of which every man sees the value; and the other point of the Cincinnati Declaration, if less generally considered, is not less worthy consideration, and that is the separation of wholly local and municipal elections from national party divisions.

The reason and the advantage of this suggestion are equally obvious. The details of local administration—the care of highways, drainage, material improvements, and conveniences of every kind—are not political matters. Every community wants for such purposes its most intelligent, honest, and economical men, whatever their views of the general policy of the national government may be. Gutters and gas-pipes, water supplies and paving, in which every tax-payer is interested, will all be more efficiently and cheaply cared for if we choose the overseers not because they are strict constructionists or protectionists, but because they are men who will have the work done cheaply and well. And this habit of co-operation among men of different political views will inevitably temper the acerbity of party spirit, which is both expensive and dangerous. It will, perhaps, by bringing Jones, the Free-trader, in friendly personal contact with Smith, the Protectionist, show him that a man may be honestly mistaken about the principle of a tariff, and a really intelligent and humane man, instead of being a bloated monopolist, extortionist, aristocrat, and robber; and, on the other hand, the same association may reveal to Smith the unsuspected fact that Jones advocates liberty of trade upon the highest and most reasonable principles, and not because of a monthly remittance of British gold from perfidious Albion.

An overwhelming majority of Republicans in the Central, Western, and Southern part of the country unquestionably approve the principles of the Cincinnati Declaration; and, as they are of paramount importance, they must be constantly urged, in order that the next National Convention may plant the party—where it belongs by the character of its members and the

history of its policy—upon the largest liberty, with inflexible hostility to every kind of corruption.

THE RING AND THE PRESS.

THERE were a great many persons before the rebellion who smiled at the thought that there could ever be civil war in this country, and the outbreak was probably a surprise to seven-tenths of the people. But the passions and the methods which have stained the history of other countries and times are not obsolete; and where there is a power like that which now controls the government of this State and city, we must expect that it will hesitate at nothing to accomplish its purpose. What an imperial despotism chiefly desires is silence. Therefore it always strikes first at the tongue. Therefore, again, the great security of a free government is a free and incorruptible press. And JEFFERSON long ago said that no legislation was to be feared so long as freedom of speech was secured. The old slave-Democracy knew it, and the Democratic ascendency was long maintained in the country and absolutely imposed upon the Southern States by the annihilation of free speech. Under the Democratic rule the most vital public question was not allowed to be discussed; and wherever, in the other half of the country, there was a mob and riot to interrupt a political meeting, it was almost uniformly instigated and led by Democrats.

The deadliest enemy of the Tammany Ring is free discussion. The Ring seeks, therefore, to stifle it at all costs. If it can not bribe, it will bully. It will spare no effort to silence those who steadily expose its purpose and methods. The New York *Times* has consequently become the object of the relentless hatred of the Ring. That paper has constantly and pointedly revealed the plans and criticised the measures by which the Ring proposes to strengthen and perpetuate its rule in this State and city, and to extend it to the control of the national government. It will not, therefore, surprise any one familiar with the condition into which we have fallen under the Tammany empire to know that the utmost efforts have been and are making by those who are notoriously the tools of Tammany to buy a share or two of the stock of the New York *Times*, that an order may be asked of one of the Tammany judges for the appointment of a receiver for the paper upon the plea of a large amount of the property involved in unsettled estates. The result sought is the temporary suspension of the publication of the paper, which would be virtually its destruction or fatal injury.

Fortunately, the intention is well understood, and every stockholder of the paper, not only satisfied with its prosperity, but naturally scorning the attempt of the Tammany Ring to break what it can not bend, declines the most extravagant offer for any share of his property. But it is not the concern of the *Times* only, it is that of the whole press, and of the country, the bulwark of whose safety is that press perfectly free. It should be a spur to every honorable paper to denounce still more widely the character of the despotism which aims at nothing less than national dominion. It is the most withering criticism of the Democratic party in New York, that the system of the Tammany managers who rule it absolutely, and of which every Democratic vote is a deliberate approval, is a system so detestable that it can not bear exposure and discussion, and seeks to tear out the tongue that describes it.

MR. SUMNER AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THOSE who remember an article printed in these columns a few weeks ago, called "The Ships," will, of course, anticipate our opinion of the chief charge of MR. SUMNER'S speech. Indeed, it has not been seriously denied in the Senate. The precedents of Texas and of Florida, which were quoted, are wholly inapplicable. There has, unquestionably, been a misconception of the limits of executive power, and a consequent action which is constitutionally indefensible. But MR. SUMNER does not charge, nor does any man believe, that there was ill intention. He states solemnly and strongly the undoubted facts; and the action asked by his resolutions the Senate should have approved. Those Republicans who are angry with him for what he has done should ask themselves how he could help doing it. Those who fear that his speech may harm the party should rather reflect whether the facts would not harm it more. Nobody accuses, nobody suspects, the President of evil purpose; but is it not a thousandfold better that the misconception of power should be exposed by a Republican than by a Democrat? The best men in the country are bound fast to the Republican party because they know that it has the courage to criticise its chiefs, and to adjust its policy to the actual situation. In these columns to-day we question the wisdom of the Ku-Klux bill pending in Congress as we write. Should we be better Republicans if we forbore criticism?

With all Republicans we deplore the difference between MR. SUMNER on the one side, and the President and many of our party friends upon the other. No one will regret more than we shall any disaster that it may cause to the party whose ascendency in the present circumstances of the country seems to us indispensable to national peace and prosperity. But we are unable to see that MR. SUMNER has provoked a difficulty or is responsible for it. Those who know him know the simple truthfulness of his nature. What he says in his speech of his personal relations to the San Domingo project can not be doubted, and no Republican ought to be angry with him unless he knows that MR. SUMNER failed to remonstrate privately before publicly exposing what he felt to be a perilous misconception of power for a doubtful purpose. We have the right to assume that as a loyal Republican Senator MR. SUMNER acquainted the State Department with his views, and that they were unheeded. Was his duty then done? As a Republican, as an American, or as a man, was he bound silently to acquiesce in what seemed to him a course full of danger? Surely his own words are enough: "Controversy, especially at my time of life, has no attractions for me; but I have been reared in the school of duty, and now, as of old, I can not see wrong without trying to arrest it."

A hundred years ago, when JOSIAH QUINCY, JR., undertook, with JOHN ADAMS, the defense of the British soldiers who had made the "Boston massacre," he was bitterly reproached by his friends, and even by his father, for giving comfort to the common enemy; but he answered: "To inquire my duty, and to do it, is my aim;" and he added that one day they would all rejoice at what he had done. He was right. JOSIAH QUINCY did not injure the cause of the "Sons of Liberty" then, and we may be very sure that CHARLES SUMNER has not harmed the Republican cause now.

NOTES.

As the session of the New York Democratic Legislature draws to an end it will be found that the great measures of that body have been the project to allow MR. TWEED and three others to spend the money to be raised by taxation in the city of New York, at a rate of not more than two per cent. upon a valuation not yet determined, and to limit MR. TWEED to $5,000,000 of the public money, a year, for supplying the city with additional water. He is at liberty to buy his own ponds and pass the water through "pipes of his own making into reservoirs of his own construction." The Legislature also repeals the registry law, and has refused to repeal the Erie bill. This is the winter's work of a party which, by the mouth of MR. FERNANDO WOOD, declares that the career of the party which has saved the government, emancipated the slaves, and restored the Union has been "brief and vile!"

THE new town of Greeley, in Colorado, has a newspaper naturally called the *Greeley Tribune*, the head of which is an enlarged electrotype copy of MR. GREELEY'S handwriting. That chirography is not renowned for legibility, but in this instance the writing is as distinct as the idea is novel. It is the excellent work of MR. EDWARD SEARS, of New York.

A LARGE number of Baptist pastors of Brooklyn, unwilling that their denomination shall bear the reproach of what they hold to be the very serious error of accepting State aid for sectarian purposes, have united in a protest against the late action of the Baptist Home Society in New York. Our readers will remember that the question is not of helping the poor, nor of historical precedents, but of what conduct, in the present circumstances and prospects of the country, is most commendable and least perilous. The Brooklyn pastors seem to us to understand the subject more truly than the trustees of the Home.

IT was recently asserted that the Treasury Department withheld certain information from Congress because it would be obliged to confess that there were large unsettled balances due from several collectors of internal revenue. The intention of the statement was to persuade the public that the collections of the public money are carelessly and fraudulently managed. MR. MAUNSELL B. FIELD, one of the collectors mentioned, has written a letter, stating that these apparent balances are not real, but fictitious, and result from the complicated method of keeping accounts. MR. FIELD'S accounts were finally and absolutely settled last October, showing a balance in his favor, which has been paid. This is a fair illustration of the misrepresentation with which the Administration is constantly assailed.

ONE of the recent remarkable contributions to American scholarship, and, like LONGFELLOW'S "Dante," BRYANT'S "Homer," and BAYARD TAYLOR'S "Faust," gratifying to every lover of good letters, and of American renown in them, is the first issue of the variorum edition of "Shakespeare" by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, of Philadelphia, son of the Rev. DR. FURNESS, himself an accomplished scholar. A variorum edition is one which collates and compares the readings of the various editions, and in this case introduces us to the ablest and most striking Shakespearean criticisms in many languages. The play now published is "Romeo and Juliet," and it is an admirable illustration of the research, skill, and conscience with which the work is to be performed. "Shakespeare" has been a life study with MR. FURNESS, and to what good result is here shown. The work is very handsomely published by LIPPINCOTT.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE fourth volume of the "Report of the Geological Survey of Illinois," which has been in progress for several years past under the direction of Professor A. H. WORTHEN, has just been published. Like its predecessors, it is a handsome book, well illustrated, and containing much important matter relating to the geology and physical features of the State. This volume is occupied by a detailed account from assistants in the survey in regard to particular counties in the State, followed by systematic papers—one upon the fossil fishes by Professor J. S. NEWBERRY and Professor WORTHEN, and the other upon fossil plants, by Professor LESQUEREAUX, illustrated by a number of well-engraved steel plates. The economical value of such a survey to the State, conducted with the spirit and efficiency which have marked Professor WORTHEN'S administration from the beginning, is exceedingly great, and can not be estimated in dollars and cents. Not merely does it furnish a fund of information to the residents of Illinois, but it supplies an official guarantee to others in regard to the resources of the State which could not be obtained in any other way.

The memoirs upon the general geology and paleontology of Illinois are equally important with the more purely economical portion, and the names of their authors are a warranty of the thoroughness of the entire research. It is understood that several additional volumes will be required to complete the entire exposition of the subject, one of which is already finished, and only awaits the order of the State authorities to be printed. This, we trust, will not long be withheld, as the information contained in it will doubtless equal in value that of its predecessors, and the credit which the Legislature has already received from the scientific community at home and abroad, for its liberality in authorizing so complete and handsome a series, will be enhanced by such action.

Chicago is distinguished, among the Western cities, for possessing a high degree of scientific activity, its Academy of Sciences being by far the most flourishing and energetic of all that have been established west of the Alleghanies. It has also a society devoted especially to microscopical studies, and the number of specialists connected with it, most of them possessing fine instruments, is quite large. The third annual reunion of this Microscopical Society was held on the evening of the 12th of March, and was a scene of great interest to the visitors. About fifteen hundred people were present, including a large number of invited guests; and the chief feature of the entertainment consisted in the exhibition of microscopes, twenty-two tables being provided, each containing from two to half a dozen or more instruments, many of them of the first class. These were all attended to by their owners, provided with slides and test objects, and prepared to exhibit the wonders of science to all who cared to examine them. The growth of the society in the three years is shown by the fact that whereas, at the meeting at which the society was organized, there were represented thirty instruments valued at $7000, at the gathering just now referred to there were one hundred, with an aggregate value of $30,000.

We welcome to the ranks of scientific journals *The Archives of Science, and Transactions of the Orleans Society of Natural Science*, the second number of which, for January, 1871, a well-printed octavo of thirty-two pages, is now before us. Several original papers are embraced in this number; among them one on the General Botany of Vermont, one on the Geology and Mineralogy of Orleans County, one upon the Dust Storms in Vermont, of February 12, 1870, and one upon the flowerless plants of Vermont. This last paper is by CHARLES C. FROST, of Brattleboro, whose life furnishes a remarkable instance of the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." The writer well remembers, many years ago, stopping in a shoe-maker's shop in Brattleboro, Vermont, for the purpose of having a pair of boots mended, and finding the owner busily engaged on his bench. A counter near by was littered with books, which he had the curiosity to examine, and which were found to be works in the Latin, German, Swedish, and other languages, all constituting a collection of the best treatises upon cryptogamic botany. On making inquiry, he ascertained that the shoemaker was employing his leisure moments, when customers were few or work was completed, in the critical study of the fungi and other cryptogamous plants of the State, and that he was able to consult all the works referred to in their various languages. For the use of the books he was indebted to MR. SPRAGUE, of Boston, himself an eminent botanist, and interested in the scientific advancement of his Brattleboro friend. Since then MR. FROST has continued his researches, and is now well known as among the best specialists in this department in the country, and as one of the leading naturalists of the State.

We have, in a previous article, referred to some interesting speculations by Professor SHALER, of Cambridge, upon the formation of the New England coast; and we find in the proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History for February last some additional remarks by him on the same subject. He considers that the Chesapeake and Delaware bays, like many of the deep gorges in Switzerland and elsewhere, were formed by the action of ice, and that the existence of Cape Hatteras is due to the uplifting of the rocks on which Richmond is situated. The sand-bars on the coast he believes to have been formed by the material dug out of the Delaware and Chesapeake bays by this ice action, and worked southward by the united force of the floods and currents. He finds that, after we pass these bars, south of Weldon the sea-bottom is totally distinct in character, being purely submarine, and formed by the action of the sea. He points out the existence of a rise and fall of the coast at different portions of its extent; this, in the most recent geological period, amounting at Charleston, South Carolina, to from 50 to 60 feet; in Maine to 200 feet; and to a still greater degree on the coast of Labrador. As a general rule, he thought there was evidence to prove that, taking a line from the centre of the continent to the centre of the sea, the sea-floor was coming up and the high elevations were coming down.

MR. HYATT said that observations made by the Coast Survey showed that the coast of Long Island Sound, and southward in New Jersey, has been sinking, while the Florida Keys are rising; and MR. NILES remarked that, from the earliest times, in the Adirondacks and different points southerly, there had been peninsulas corresponding in position to Florida, and that this is simply the most southern and latest of a succession from north to south.

At a meeting of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, held during last autumn, Professor NEWBERRY, the President, exhibited the anterior portion of the cranium of a walrus which had been found during the summer at Long Branch, by a gentleman whose foot struck against it while bathing. It was strongly silicified, but exhibited no appreciable difference from modern specimens. The precise age of this fossil could not, of course, be ascertained, although it is well known that its range was formerly much south of its present habitat. It is not unfrequently brought down on floating ice off the coast of Newfoundland; and although Labrador is at present the southern limit of its residence, it was once very abundant in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and its remains have been found in the shell heaps of the Bay of Fundy. It is probable that the specimen exhibited by Professor NEWBERRY is a relic of the glacial period, although it was suggested that it might have been of the tertiary age, which probably can not be verified. Other specimens of similar character are reported as having been found on Martha's Vineyard; in Monmouth County, New Jersey; and in Accomac County, Virginia.

MR. M'CORMICK, member of Congress from Arizona, has just introduced a bill restricting the killing of the buffalo, which provides that, excepting for the purpose of using the meat for food or preserving the skin, it shall be unlawful to kill any bison or buffalo found any where on the public lands of the United States, the offender, upon conviction, being subject to a fine of one hundred dollars for each animal killed, one-half of the sum to be paid, on its collection, to the informer. Whether this measure will receive the approval of Congress and become a law is uncertain, although of the importance of some such provision there can be no question. The difficulty will be to secure its enforcement, as the extermination of these animals, which is now impending, is brought about by parties who, at a distance from any control, are a law unto themselves, and who are not likely to be influenced by any enactments that do not involve the means of execution.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 27.—The time of the Senate was chiefly occupied by the speech of Mr. Sumner on the resolutions recently submitted by him regarding the use of naval forces in the waters near San Domingo. It was a fierce attack upon the Administration and the negotiations for the acquisition of the island. Mr. Morton made a brief reply sustaining the policy of the President.—In the House, a number of new bills were introduced, but no action was taken upon any.

March 28.—The time of the Senate was again taken up with the San Domingo debate, Mr. Howe and Mr. Frelinghuysen defending the President, and Mr. Schurz attacking his policy.—In the House, Mr. Shellabarger submitted a bill for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment.

March 29.—The debate on the San Domingo matter was continued in the Senate. Mr. Harlan, who spoke against Mr. Sumner's resolutions, concluded by moving to lay them on the table, which was carried.—The time of the House was occupied with a debate on Mr. Shellabarger's resolutions.

March 30.—In the Senate, the alleged disorders at the South formed the subject of a long debate.—In the House, the bill for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment was debated, without action.

March 31.—The Senate continued the debate on Southern disorders, without taking any action.—In the House, the bill for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment was continued. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of State for copies of the correspondence had with the American minister at Florence relative to the occupation of Rome by the King of Italy.

April 1.—Senate not in session.—The day and evening were occupied in the House with the debate on the bill for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment. Several speeches were made for and against the measure, but no action was taken.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

During the month of March there was a reduction of $11,011,260 55 in the public debt. The total decrease from March 1, 1869, to March 1, 1871, was $204,754,413 09.

Ex-Senator J. M. Howard died on the 2d instant, at Detroit.

The Canadian Legislature is considering the propriety of more stringent action in relation to American vessels fishing in Canadian waters.

The inauguration of the statue to Professor Morse, which was to take place on his eightieth birthday, April 27, has been postponed to June 8, as the statue can not be completed before that time.

Governor Hoffman has vetoed the New York Pneumatic Tube Underground Railroad bill, on the ground that the construction of the tunnel would endanger buildings, and seriously disturb and injure the sewerage system of the city.

The Grand Jury of Virginia City, Nevada, are taking action against the Vigilant Committees who have recently been hanging people without legal trial.

Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi, announces that rewards for detection of the Ku-Klux outrages will be raised by a special tax upon the county in which they occur. By this means the sympathizers with the organizations will be made to bear the expense.

FOREIGN NEWS.

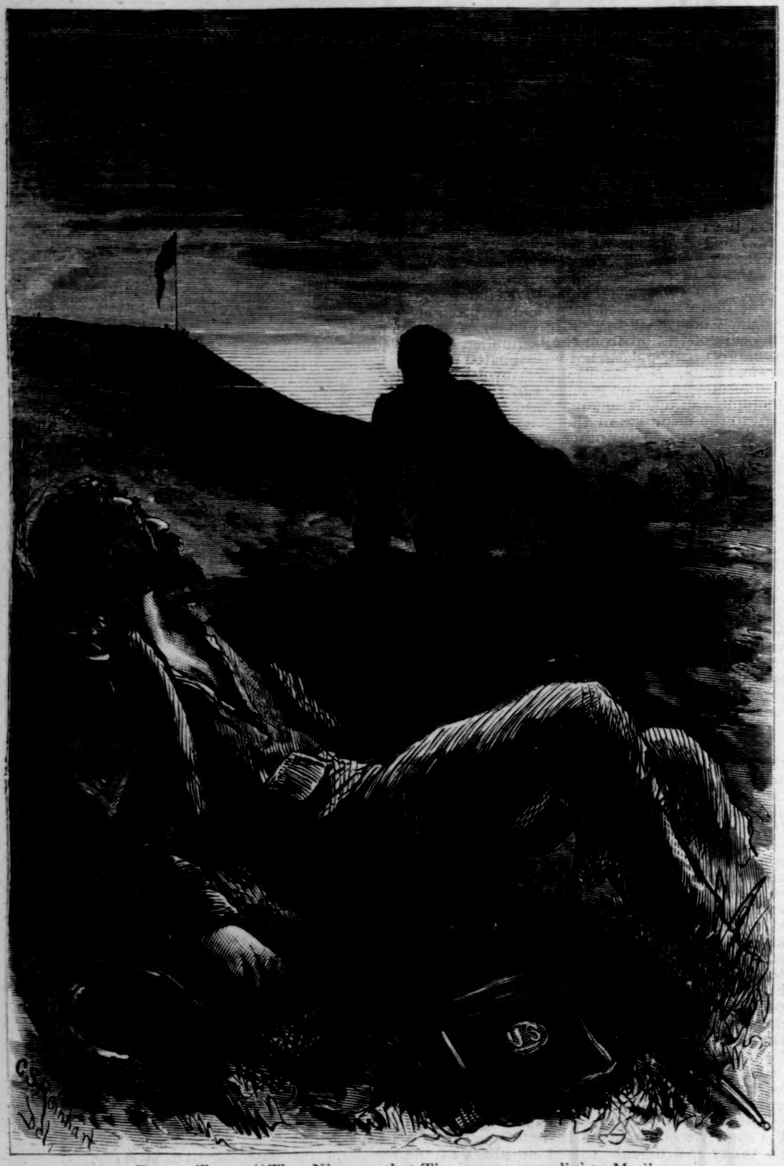
THE situation in France is still critical. The Communists hold possession of Paris, where they have inaugurated a new reign of terror. It is estimated that nearly two hundred thousand people have left the city, and many streets present a deserted and sad appearance. Outrages against property have been frequent, and worse excesses are to be feared should the Versailles government much longer delay forcible interference. A large force has been gathering at Versailles, under command of Marshal M'Mahon, and an attack on the Communists will be made as soon as he can complete his preparations.

In other parts of France the Communists have signally failed to obtain control of affairs.

In the German Reichstag, recently, Prince Bismarck explained the government policy toward France, and said it was the interest of Germany to facilitate the task of republican France. The Emperor had decided not to interfere unless German interests were endangered, when effectual action would be taken.

It is reported that Cardinal Antonelli has resigned from the Papal Cabinet, on account of his advanced age and increasing infirmities.

The annual Cambridge and Oxford boat race took place April 1. Cambridge won by about three lengths.



BANTY TIM.—"That Nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to Me."

[WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

BANTY TIM. By JOHN HAY.

[REMARKS OF SERGEANT TILMON JOY TO THE WHITE MAN'S COMMITTEE OF SPUNKY POINT, ILLINOIS.]

I RECKON I git your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;
This is a white man's country;
You're Dimocrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out o' j'int,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute:
I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shill go or stay.
And furder than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated I staid behind,
Fur reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And br'iled and blistered and burned
How the rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees
But he staggered up, and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim:
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

[WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

IN THE MISSION GARDEN. By BRET HARTE.

(1865.)

FATHER FELIPE.

I SPEAK not the English well, but Pachita
She speak for me; is it not so, my Pancha?
Eh, little rogue? Come, salute me the stranger
Americano.

Sir, in my country we say, "Where the heart is
There live the speech." Ah! you not understand? So!
Pardon an old man—what you call "ol fogy"—
Padre Felipe!

Old, Señor, old! just so old as the Mission.
You see that pear-tree? How old you think, Señor?
Fifteen year? Twenty? Ah, Señor, just *Fifty*
Gone since I plant him!

You like the wine? It is some at the Mission,
Made from the grape of the year Eighteen Hundred,
All the same time when the earthquake he come to
San Juan Bautista.

But Pancha is twelve, and she is the rose-tree;
And I am the olive, and this is the garden.
And Pancha we say; but her name is Francisca,
Same like her mother.

Eh, you knew *her?* No? Ah! it is a story—
But I speak not, like Pachita, the English.
So? If I try, you will sit here beside me,
And shall not laugh, eh?

When the American come to the Mission
Many arrive to the house of Francisca.
One—he was fine man—he buy the cattle
Of José Castro.

So! he came much, and Francisca she saw him;
And it was Love—and a very dry season—
And the pears bake on the tree—and the rain come,
But not Francisca;

Not for one year; and one night I have walk much
Under the olive-tree, when comes Francisca—
Comes to me here, with her child, this Francisca—
Under the olive-tree.

Sir, it was sad......but I speak not the English—
So!......she stay here, and she wait for her husband.
He come no more, and she sleep on the hill-side:
There stands Pachita.

Ah! there's the Angelus. Will you enter?
Or shall you walk in the garden with Pancha?
Go, little rogue—stt—attend to the stranger.
Adios, Señor.

PACHITA (*briskly*).

So, he's been telling that yarn about mother!
Bless you, he tells it to every stranger.
Folks about yer say the old man's my father.
What's your opinion?

IN THE MISSION GARDEN.—"Eh, you knew *Her?* No? Ah! it is a Story."

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"SHE NO LONGER THOUGHT IT NECESSARY TO SIT OUT OF THE PATIENT'S SIGHT."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Sir Charles was behind his time in Mayfair; but the lawyer and his clerk had not arrived, and Miss Somerset was not visible.

She appeared, however, at last, in a superb silk dress, the broad lustre of which would have been beautiful, only the effect was broken and frittered away by six rows of gimp and fringe. But why blame her? This is a blunder in art as universal as it is amazing, when one considers the amount of apparent thought her sex devotes to dress. They might just as well score a fair plot of velvet turf with rows of box, or tattoo a blooming and downy cheek.

She held out her hand, like a man, and talked to Sir Charles on indifferent topics, till Mr. Oldfield arrived. She then retired into the background, and left the gentlemen to discuss the deed. When appealed to, she evaded direct replies, and put on languid and imperial indifference. When she signed, it was with the air of some princess bestowing a favor upon solicitation.

But the business concluded, she thawed all in a moment, and invited the gentlemen to luncheon with charming cordiality. Indeed, her genuine *bonhomie* after her affected indifference was rather comic. Every body was content. Champagne flowed. The lady, with her good mother-wit, kept conversation going till the lawyer was nearly missing his next appointment. He hurried away; and Sir Charles only lingered, out of good-breeding, to bid Miss Somerset good-by. In the course of leave-taking he said he was sorry he left her with people about her of whom he had a bad opinion. "Those women have no more feeling for you than stones. When you lay in convulsions, your housekeeper looked on as philosophically as if you had been two kittens at play—you and Polly."

"I saw her."

"Indeed! You appeared hardly in a condition to see any thing."

"I did, though, and heard the old wretch tell the young monkey to water my lilac dress. That was to get it for her Polly. She knew I'd never wear it afterward."

"Then why don't you turn her off?"

"Who'd take such a useless old hag, if I turned her off?"

"You carry a charity a long way."

"I carry every thing. What's the use doing things by halves, good or bad?"

"Well, but that Polly! She is young enough to get her living elsewhere; and she is extremely disrespectful to you."

"That she is. If I wasn't a lady, I'd have given her a good hiding this very day for her cheek?"

"Then why not turn her off this very day for her cheek?"

"Well, I'll tell you, since you and I are parted forever. No, I don't like."

"Oh, come! No secrets between friends."

"Well, then, the old hag is—my mother."

"What?"

"And the young jade—is my sister."

"Good Heavens!"

"And the page—is my little brother."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What, you are not angry?"

"Angry? no. Ha, ha, ha!"

"See what a hornets' nest you have escaped from. My dear friend, those two women rob me through thick and thin. They steal my handkerchiefs, and my gloves, and my very linen. They drink my wine like fishes. They'd take the hair off my head, if it wasn't fast by the roots—for a wonder."

"Why not give them a ten-pound note, and send them home?"

"They'd pocket the note, and blacken me in our village. That was why I had them up here. First time I went home, after running about with that little scamp, Vandeleur—do you know him?"

"I have not the honor."

"Then your luck beats mine. One thing, he is going to the dogs as fast as he can. Some day he'll come begging to me for a fiver. You mark my words now."

"Well, but you were saying—"

"Yes, I went off about Van. Polly *says* I've a mind like running water. Well, then, when I went home the first time—after Van, mother and Polly raised a virtuous howl. 'All right,' said I—for, of course, I know how much virtue there is under *their* skins. Virtue of the lower orders! Tell that to gentlefolks that don't know them. I do. I've been one of 'em—'I know all about that,' says I. 'You want to share the plunder, that is the sense of your virtuous cry.' So I had 'em up here; and then there was no more virtuous howling, but a deal of virtuous thieving, and modest drinking, and pure-minded selling of my street-door to the highest male bidder. And they will corrupt the boy; and if they do, I'll cut their black hearts out with my riding-whip. But I suppose I must keep them on; they are my own flesh and blood; and if I was to be ill and dying, they'd do all they knew to keep me alive—for their own sakes. I am their milch cow—these country innocents."

Sir Charles groaned aloud, and said, "My poor girl, you deserve a better fate than this. Marry some honest fellow, and cut the whole thing."

"I'll see about it. You try it first, and let us see how you like it."

And so they parted gayly.

In the hall Polly intercepted him, all smiles. He looked at her, smiled in his sleeve, and gave her a handsome present.

"If you please, Sir," said she, "an old gentleman called for you."

"When?"

"About an hour ago. Leastways he asked if Sir Charles Bassett was there. I said yes, but you wouldn't see no one."

"Who could it be? Why, surely you never told any body I was to be here to-day?"

"La, no, Sir! how could I?" said Polly, with a face of brass.

Sir Charles thought this very odd, and felt even a little uneasy about it. All the way to Portman Square he puzzled over it; and at last he was driven to the conclusion that Miss Somerset had been weak enough to tell some person, male or female, of the coming interview, and so somebody had called there—doubtless to ask him a favor.

At five o'clock he reached Portman Square, and was about to enter, as a matter of course; but the footman stopped him. "I beg pardon, Sir Charles," said the man, looking pale and agitated; "but I have strict orders. My young lady is very ill."

"Ill! Let me go to her this instant."

"I daren't, Sir Charles, I daren't. I know you are a gentleman; pray don't lose me my place. You would never get to see her. We none of us know the rights, but there's something up. Sorry to say it, Sir Charles, but we have strict orders not to admit you. Haven't you got the Admiral's letter, Sir?"

"No; what letter?"

"He has been after you, Sir; and when he came back he sent Roger off to your house with a letter."

A cold chill began to run down Sir Charles Bassett. He hailed a passing Hansom, and drove to his own house to get the Admiral's letter; and as he went he asked himself, with chill misgivings, what on earth had happened.

What had happened shall be told the reader precisely but briefly.

In the first place, Bella had opened the anonymous letter and read its contents, to which the reader is referred.

There are people who pretend to despise anonymous letters. Pure delusion! They know they ought to, and so fancy they do; but they don't. The absence of a signature gives weight, if the letter is ably written and seems true.

As for poor Bella Bruce, a dove's bosom is no more fit to rebuff a poisoned arrow than she was to combat that foulest and direst of all a miscreant's weapons, an anonymous letter. She, in her goodness and innocence, never dreamed that any person she did not know could possibly tell a lie to wound her. The letter fell on her like a cruel revelation from heaven.

The blow was so savage that, at first, it stunned her.

She sat pale and stupefied; but beneath the stupor were the rising throbs of coming agonies.

After that horrible stupor her anguish grew and grew, till it found vent in a miserable cry, rising, and rising, and rising, in agony.

"Mamma! mamma! mamma!"

Yes; her mother had been dead these three years, and her father sat in the next room; yet, in her anguish, she cried to her mother—a cry the which, if your mother had heard, she would have expected Bella's to come to her even from the grave.

Admiral Bruce heard this fearful cry—the living calling on the dead—and burst through the folding-doors in a moment, white as a ghost.

He found his daughter writhing on the sofa, ghastly, and grinding in her hand the cursed paper that had poisoned her young life.

"My child! my child!"

"Oh, papa! see! see!" And she tried to open the letter for him, but her hands trembled so she could not.

He kneeled down by her side, the stout old warrior, and read the letter, while she clung to him, moaning now, and quivering all over from head to foot.

"Why, there's no signature! The writer is a coward and, perhaps, a liar. Stop! he offers a test. I'll put him to it this minute."

He laid the moaning girl on the sofa, ordered his servants to admit nobody into the house, and drove at once to Mayfair.

He called at Miss Somerset's house, saw Polly, and questioned her.

He drove home again, and came into the drawing-room looking as he had been seen to look when fighting his ship; but his daughter had never seen him so. "My girl," said he, solemnly, "there's nothing for you to do but to be brave, and hide your grief as well as you can, for the man is unworthy of your love. That coward spoke the truth. He is there at this moment."

"Oh, papa! papa! let me die! The world is too wicked for me. Let me die!"

"Die for an unworthy object? For shame! Go to your own room, my girl, and pray to your God to help you, since your mother has left us. Oh, how I miss her now! Go and pray, and let no one else know what we suffer. Be your father's daughter. Fight and pray."

Poor Bella had no longer to complain that she was not commanded. She kissed him, and burst into a great passion of weeping; but he led her to the door, and she tottered to her own room, a blighted girl.

"THEIR NIMBLE FINGERS WHIPPED OFF HIS NECK-TIE IN A MOMENT."

The sight of her was harrowing. Under its influence the Admiral dashed off a letter to Sir Charles, calling him a villain, and inviting him to go to France and let an indignant father write scoundrel on his carcass.

But when he had written this his good sense and dignity prevailed over his fury; he burned the letter, and wrote another. This he sent by hand to Sir Charles's house, and ordered his servants—but that the reader knows.

Sir Charles found the Admiral's letter in his letter-rack. It ran thus:

"Sir,—*We have learned your connection with a lady named Somerset, and I have ascertained that you went from my daughter to her house this very day.*

"*Miss Bruce and myself withdraw from all connection with you, and I must request you to attempt no communication with her of any kind. Such an attempt would be an additional insult.*

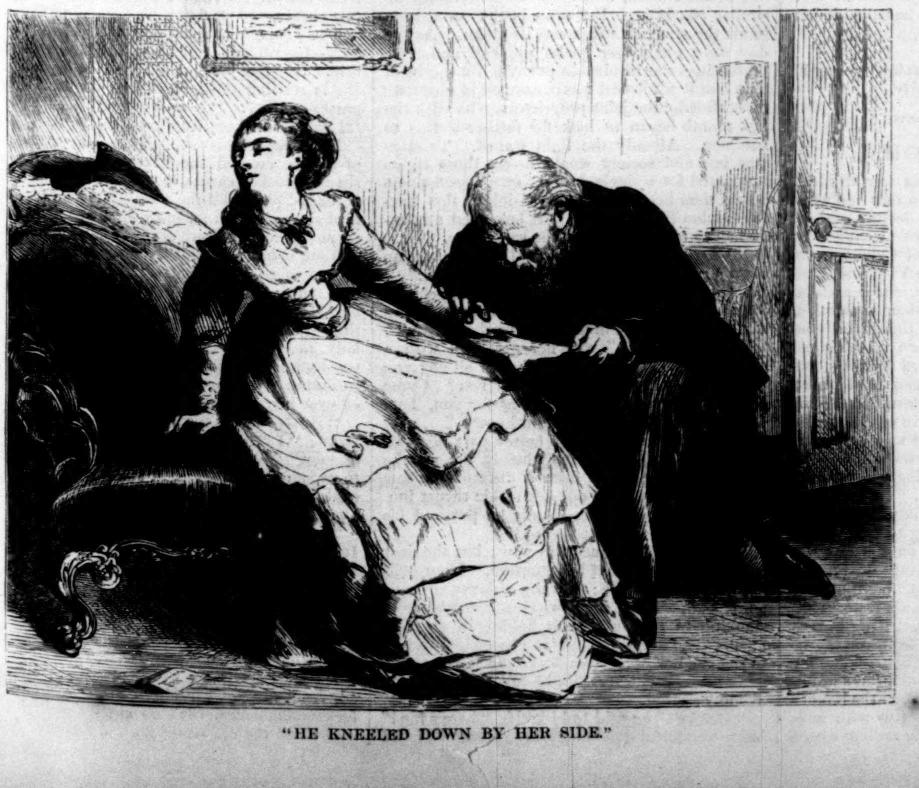
"*I am, Sir, your obedient servant,*

"John Urquhart Bruce."

At first Sir Charles Bassett was stunned by this blow. Then his mind resisted the Admiral's severity, and he was indignant at being dismissed for so common an offense. This gave way to deep grief and shame at the thought of Bella and her lost esteem. But soon all other feelings merged for a time in fury at the heartless traitor who had destroyed his happiness, and had dashed the cup of innocent love from his very lips. Boiling over with mortification and rage, he drove at once to that traitor's house. Polly opened the door. He rushed past her, and burst into the dining-room, breathless, and white with passion.

He found Miss Somerset studying the deed by which he had made her independent for life. She started at his strange appearance, and instinctively put both hands flat upon the deed.

"You vile wretch!" cried Sir Charles. "You heartless monster! Enjoy your work." And he flung her the Admiral's letter. But he did not wait while she read it; he heaped reproaches on her; and, for the first time in her life, she did not reply in kind.



"HE KNEELED DOWN BY HER SIDE."

"Are you mad?" she faltered. "What have I done?"

"You have told Admiral Bruce."

"That's false."

"You told him I was to be here to-day."

"Charles, I never did. Believe me."

"You did. Nobody knew it but you. He was here to-day, at the very hour."

"May I never get up alive off this chair if I told a soul. Yes, our Polly. I'll ring for her."

"No, you will not. She is your sister. Do you think I'll take the word of such reptiles against the plain fact? You have parted my love and me—parted us on the very day I had made you independent for life. An innocent love was waiting to bless me, and an honest love was in your power, thanks to me, your kind, forgiving friend and benefactor. I have heaped kindness on you from the first moment I had the misfortune to know you. I connived at your infidelities—"

"Charles! Don't say that. I never *was*."

"I indulged your most expensive whims, and, instead of leaving you with a curse, as all the rest did that ever knew you, and as you deserve, I bought your consent to lead a respectable life, and be blessed with a virtuous love. You took the bribe, but robbed me of the blessing—viper! You have destroyed me, body and soul—monster! perhaps blighted her happiness as well; you she-devils hate an angel worse than Heaven hates you. But you shall suffer with us; not your heart, for you have none, but your pocket. You have broken faith with me, and sent all my happiness to hell; I'll send your deed to hell after it!" With this, he flung himself upon the deed, and was going to throw it into the fire. Now up to that moment she had been overpowered by this man's fury, whom she had never seen the least angry before; but when he laid hands on her property it acted like an electric shock. "No! no!" she screamed, and sprang at him like a wild cat.

Then ensued a violent and unseemly struggle all about the room; chairs were upset, and vases broken to pieces; and the man and woman dragged each other to and fro, one fighting for her property, as if it was her life, and the other for revenge.

Sir Charles, excited by fury, was stronger than himself, and at last shook off one of her hands for a moment, and threw the deed into the fire. She tried to break from him and save it, but he held her like iron.

Yet not for long. While he was holding her back, and she straining every nerve to get to the fire, he began to show sudden symptoms of distress. He gasped loudly, and cried, "Oh! oh! I'm choking!" and then his clutch relaxed. She tore herself from it, and, plunging forward, rescued the smoking parchment.

At that moment she heard a great stagger behind her, and a pitiful moan, and Sir Charles fell heavily, striking his head against the edge of the sofa. She looked round as she knelt, and saw him, black in the face, rolling his eyeballs fearfully, while his teeth gnashed awfully, and a little jet of foam flew through his lips.

Then she shrieked with terror, and the blackened deed fell from her hands. At this moment Polly rushed into the room. She saw the fearful sight, and echoed her sister's scream. But they were neither of them women to lose their heads and beat the air with their hands. They got to him, and both of them fought hard with the unconscious sufferer, whose body, in a fresh convulsion, now bounded away from the sofa, and bade fair to batter itself against the ground.

They did all they could to hold him with one arm apiece, and to release his swelling throat with the other. Their nimble fingers whipped off his neck-tie in a moment; but the distended windpipe pressed so against the shirt-button they could not undo it. Then they seized the collar, and, pulling against each other, wrenched the shirt open so powerfully that the button flew into the air, and tinkled against a mirror a long way off.

A few more struggles, somewhat less violent, and then the face, from purple, began to whiten, the eyeballs fixed; the pulse went down; the man lay still.

"Oh, my God!" cried Rhoda Somerset. "He is dying! To the nearest doctor! There's one three doors off. No bonnet! It's life and death this moment. Fly!"

Polly obeyed, and Doctor Andrews was actually in the room within five minutes.

He looked grave, and kneeled down by the patient, and felt his pulse anxiously.

Miss Somerset sat down, and, being from the country, though she did not look it, began to weep bitterly, and rock herself in rustic fashion.

The doctor questioned her kindly, and she told him, between her sobs, how Sir Charles had been taken.

The doctor, however, instead of being alarmed by those frightful symptoms she related, took a more cheerful view directly. "Then do not alarm yourself unnecessarily," he said. "It was only an epileptic fit."

"Only!" sobbed Miss Somerset. "Oh, if you had seen him! And he lies like death."

"Yes," said Dr. Andrews: "a severe epileptic fit is really a terrible thing to look at; but it is not dangerous in proportion. Is he used to have them?"

"Oh no, doctor—never had one before."

Here she was mistaken, I think.

"You must keep him quiet; and give him a moderate stimulant as soon as he can swallow comfortably; the quietest room in the house; and don't let him be hungry, night or day. Have food by his bedside, and watch him for a day or two. I'll come again this evening."

The doctor went to his dinner—tranquil.

Not so those he left. Miss Somerset resigned her own luxurious bedroom, and had the patient laid, just as he was, upon her bed. She sent the page out to her groom, and ordered two loads of straw to be laid before the door; and she watched by the sufferer, with brandy and water by her side.

Sir Charles now might have seemed to be in a peaceful slumber, but for his eyes. They were open, and showed more white, and less pupil, than usual.

However, in time he began to sigh and move, and even mutter: and, gradually, some little color came back to his pale cheeks.

Then Miss Somerset had the good sense to draw back out of his sight, and order Polly to take her place by his side. Polly did so, and, some time afterward, at a fresh order, put a teaspoonful of brandy to his lips, which were still pale and even bluish.

The doctor returned, and brought his assistant. They put the patient to bed.

"His life is in no danger," said he. "I wish I was as sure about his reason."

At one o'clock in the morning, as Polly was snoring by the patient's bedside, a hand was laid on her shoulder. It was Rhoda.

"Go to bed, Polly: you are no use here."

"You'd be sleepy if you worked as hard as I do."

"Very likely," said Rhoda, with a gentleness that struck Polly as very singular. "Good-night."

Rhoda spent the night watching, and thinking harder than she had ever thought before.

Next morning, early, Polly came into the sick-room. There sat her sister watching the patient, out of sight.

"La, Rhoda! Have you sat there all night?"

"Yes. Don't speak so loud. Come here. You've set your heart on this lilac silk. I'll give it you for your black merino."

"Not you, my lady; you are not so fond of mereeny, nor of me neither."

"I'm not a liar like you," said the other, becoming herself for a moment, "and what I say I'll do. You put out your merino for me in the dressing-room."

"All right," said Polly, joyfully.

"And bring me two buckets of water instead of one. I have never closed my eyes."

"Poor soul! and now you be going to sluice yourself all the same. Whatever you can see in cold water, to run after it so, I can't think. If I was to flood myself like you, it would soon float me to my long home."

"How do you know? *You never gave it a trial.* Come, no more chat. Give me my bath: and then you may wash yourself in a tea-cup if you like—only don't wash my spoons in the same water, for *mercy's sake!*"

Thus affectionately stimulated in her duties, Polly brought cold water galore, and laid out her new merino dress. In this sober suit, with plain linen collar and cuffs, the Somerset dressed herself, and resumed her watching by the bedside. She kept more than ever out of sight, for the patient was now beginning to mutter incoherently, yet in a way that showed his clouded faculties were dwelling on the calamity which had befallen him.

About noon the bell was rung sharply, and, on Polly entering, Rhoda called her to the window and showed her two female figures plodding down the street. "Look," said she. "Those are the only women I envy. Sisters of Charity. Run you after them, and take a good look at those beastly ugly caps: then come and tell me how to make one."

"Here's a go!" said Polly; but executed the commission promptly.

It needed no fashionable milliner to turn a yard of linen into one of those ugly caps, which are beautiful banners of Christian charity and womanly tenderness to the sick and suffering. The monster cap was made in an hour, and Miss Somerset put it on, and a thick veil, and then she no longer thought it necessary to sit out of the patient's sight.

The consequence was that, in the middle of his ramblings, he broke off and looked at her. The sister puzzled him. At last he called to her in French.

She made no reply.

"Je suis à l hôpital, n'est ce pas bonne sœur?"

"I am English," said she, softly.

AN ITALIAN MOTHER.

THE Madonna of RAPHAEL was only an idealization of the Italian mother. In that age when the old faith was already on the decline, and art was becoming daily more and more leavened by classical influences, the painter of Urbino arose. He found in the legends of the Virgin a sentiment full of the purest and most tender associations, and he devoted his life to their realization. How earnestly his angelic and thoughtful eyes must have rested on those Italian mothers and their children whom he reproduced upon his canvas, sometimes radiant with the glory and brightness of Paradise, and sometimes beatified only by the self-denying and unselfish love of the earthly mother! No form of babyhood and childhood but he has portrayed it. RAPHAEL alone of painters has succeeded in investing the mere infant with an aspect of divinity. In that most glorious of all his realistic Madonnas—the Madonna della Seggiola (according to tradition, a peasant mother drawn by him on the top of a tub, as he saw her sitting at a cottage door)—the child is godlike, yet we know not how the sense of divinity is conveyed. About all young children there is a sense of an angel lying hid—a latent intelligence that seems able to display itself if it would. In the Seggiola, without any loss of the innocence and unconsciousness of human childhood, the painter has given the infant's eyes a serene dignity that strikes us with awe, while the mother's countenance is radiant with a loving pride and ineffable happiness. In the Madonna of the Candelabra RAPHAEL has attempted a higher ideal, but the Seggiola still seems to us the perfection of all art. The painter might try to convey a sense of the moment of beatification, as he has done in the Transfiguration—his last and greatest ideal work—but he could never surpass the Seggiola as expressing the most beautiful aspect of human love. In the Goldfinch and other Madonnas, RAPHAEL has varied the subject by introducing JOHN the Baptist addressing or playing with the infant Saviour. He painted it in endless ways, still pursuing his ideal through all the labyrinths of art. From those great pictures, "The Expulsion of Heliodorus," "The Fire in the Borgo," and "The School of Athens"—pictures that exhausted all the subtleties of art and all the high impulses of the imagination—RAPHAEL returned to his changeless ideal; and truly there is not a more beautiful object in the whole world, or one more calculated to touch the human heart, than a young mother looking down on the infant nestling at her breast. There you see love in its most angelic form, tenderly watchful, supremely happy. This ideal still haunts the artist, as the drawing on page 337 shows. It has a never-ceasing fascination, and never can be exhausted. Ages hence artists will still be trying to convey their sense of the divine beauty of the maternal instinct. These problems of art are inexhaustible; and every painter benefits the world who carries the ideal further by any change of treatment or modification of subject, or any fresh infusion of loving and truthful observation.

IN APRIL.

"LITTLE Tom Tucker sang for his supper." He had sung for breakfast and dinner with like importunity, and received for answer only a shove and order to "get out" from the wretched woman who owned and beat him. Where he was to get to she did not say. There seemed no place in all the wide world where small Tom and such as he were wanted or made welcome.

Still the day had not been altogether uncheered or foodless. Jim, a youthful companion in misery and mischief, had appeared upon the scene early in the morning, engaged, like "Violante in the pantry," with "gnawing of a mutton bone," gift of somebody's kindly cook. Of this certain delicious morsels had fallen to Tommy's share, and taken the keen edge off his appetite. Later, a passer-by, attracted by the comic whine of the two friends, and the roguish eyes which enforced it, had dropped into each dirty palm a penny. There was richness! A moiety of the sum went at once in purchase of two apples. The rest was reserved for an even more delightful use, to the perfection of which a long black thread was needful.

Attached thereto the penny became a bewitched coin. Laid artlessly in mid-pavement, to catch the eye of passing traveler, it vanished swiftly from beneath his fingers as he stooped to clutch it, while sniggers and jeering cries proceeded from round the corner, where our young friends lay *perdu*; for this was April 1, that anniversary dear to the street *gamin*, and Jim and Tommy, philosophically estimating the value of the passing moment, were resolved to make the most of opportunity while yet it was theirs.

Which "most" was a good deal, as several citizens could testify, namely: two old ladies, frightened out of their wits by shouts of "Mad bull!" a worthy and corpulent baker, compelled to execute demon dances on the pavement by artful trains of orange peel laid before his door; three luckless foreigners, sent on wild-goose chases in wrong directions. Item: five kite-tails pinned to as many coat-tails. Item: various fashionable suits decorated with panier attachments of newspaper; several dozen small children deluded into vain pursuit of that thimble-rigging penny, an Irishman's pipe knocked out of his mouth, and other divertisements of similar character. But even in the enthusiasm of art the stomach will assert its claim. As the day wore on hunger spoke up, and under its promptings the invaluable penny fell a sacrifice. The bun it purchased was consumed in alternate mouthfuls by the joint proprietors, who with the last crumb began to look for further worlds to conquer. Already the light waned. To-morrow law and society would assert those rights abrogated for a single day. Newspaper flappers would then become distinctly visible to that fearful eidolon the p'liceman. It behooved all concerned to make hay while the sun shone.

"I say, Tommy," remarked Jim, "let's go up town a little way. Papers is getting scerce."

So said so done. Unhappily the route chosen lay near the quarter they called home, and Jim was espied and captured by his mother.

"You spalpeen," was her greeting, with a shower of slaps, "and is it being aff all day you are, and me minding the child for you? Come beyand wid ye at once. And as for you, Tom Tucker, I'd let Mrs. Flannigan know—"

But Tom, evincing that better part of valor known as discretion, was already far up the street. Looking back from a distance, he saw luckless Jim dragged off, a knuckle thrust into each eye, and slowly and sadly he pursued his way.

It wasn't half so much fun now; but the dear child made the best of his situation. Door-bells in plenty met his eye; he rang a dozen or so as he passed. Next he saw two perambulators standing in the sun, each holding a sleeping baby. The nursery-maids in charge had retired to the shadow of an area door, and were gossiping with a friend. A bright thought illumined Tommy's mind.

"Cricky!" he said to himself; "here's fun!" With wonderful quickness and dexterity he lifted and shifted the slumbering cherubs without waking either. The Browns' baby was installed in the Smiths' wagon, the Smiths' in the Browns', the afghans neatly tucked in, the veils adjusted, before Ann and Bridget emerged from their shelter. Tom watched them slowly trundling their loads down the street, and his bosom swelled with such a mighty chuckle that he had to sit down on a door-step to recover composure.

"Changed at nus," he muttered, splitting with laughter. The idea of following to witness the domestic earthquake impending occurred to him, but he forbore. There are some things better left to the imagination.

Tom was a prudent boy.

Next he began to search for a scrap of paper as material for further operations.

The street, for a wonder, was cleanly swept. Ash heaps there were none. For a long time nothing rewarded search. At last, above the ground, between an old post and a tree, a white object caught his eye. A bit of paper hardly visible had stuck and lodged there.

In the early days of the street said post had formed the foundation for a letter-box, one of primitive construction, long since discarded for a newer pattern. It had recently been taken away. The more ambitious structure which replaced it stood not far off. But still, between post and tree clung a last vestige of former use. The paper our Tommy was intent upon was a letter.

More than two years it had lain there. The slender fingers which held it quivered ever so little, and missing the awkward, ill-arranged slit, dropped it in a narrow crevice beyond. The tree became its guardian. Snow drifted in and yellowed the edges of the envelope; minute live creatures—ants, wood-lice, brown efts—"tickled and tousled and browsed it all over;" the wind pulled and frayed its folds; but still the tree held firm, and the delicate pen lines are dimly visible through the crusting dust and dirt. See; you can make out the address:

LIEUTENANT EDWARD MERITON,
U. S. STEAMSHIP SASSACUS,
Navy-Yard,
Brooklyn.

But little recked Tommy of addresses, as, after careful poking, he possessed himself of the treasure. He stood considering what to do. An old lady drew near. He made up his mind quickly.

"Please, 'm, did you drop this here?"

The old lady fumbled in her pocket with agitated haste.

"My spectacle case? Did you say my spectacle case, little boy?"

"No, 'm; this yer note."

"Note! No, I hadn't any note about me. It's not mine, sonny; but here's a cent for being an honest boy."

"April-fool!" called Master Tucker after her as she passed on; but he had decency enough to do it in a whisper.

Somebody else was coming, a tall figure, walking rapidly up the street, which now was fast growing dusk. "It's a hofficer or something," thought Tommy, as he spied a gold band round his cap.

"I say, gineral, is this 'ere yours?" he inquired, benignly.

The young man glanced at the unsavory-looking scrap, and laughed.

"No, you don't, my boy," he said, good-humoredly; "I recollect what day it is too well for that."

But Tommy, though baffled for a moment, was not to be entirely balked of his intent. With rapid barefoot steps he ran after the young man, and, choosing his moment, dropped the letter into a pocket of the overcoat swung lightly over his arm, sang "April-fool!" with a triumphant screech, and ran away with all his might. His victim never turned his head.

And now Tommy Tucker vanishes from our story. Elected unconsciously a messenger of Cupid, no sooner did the soiled envelope part from his fingers than his connection with the tale ceases, and we follow his fortunes no farther.

The young "hofficer" has a nice face of his own—boyish still, but sweet and firm. It is a bright face too, but clouded over a little just now. He is reading the numbers on the doors as he passes—25, 27. "It used to be 33," he thought. "I wonder if they live there still?"

He slackened his pace. Then, for convenience of seeing, crossed the street, and, standing in shadow, looked earnestly at the house. Carefully tended plants fill the wide panes; higher up a bird sings through an open window. Long and earnestly does the hero of the gold band look. A servant came and pulled down the blind. He turned to go, but a carriage was rattling up to the door. A moment, and it opened. A lady came down the steps, fat and majestic, in rustling violet silk—a dinner dress; then a younger lady, in pale blue, followed lightly; a gas-lamp was lighted just then; the unseen watcher caught a glimpse of the sweet, pale face, and a thrill passed over his whole frame.

"By Jove!" he muttered, as the wheels rolled away; "I thought I was over it, but I'm as bad as ever. What a fool, coming up here to prove to myself that I didn't care a button, and turning cold like that! How thin she has become!" with a groan. "Oh, what a deuce of a world it is!"

That sweet face haunted him the evening long. It rose between his eyes and the fire; it curled from the bowl of his pipe, and vanished and re-formed in cloudy intervals. "If she had only written—only sent one word," was the bitter under-tone of his thoughts. "I can face what *must* be like a man; but to cut off suddenly like that—no word, no sign! Oh, Daisy, Daisy!

"I've tried all I know," he mused on. "worked, read, flirted with other girls, sought to care for some one else. It's no use! Coming back revives all the old sting, the old famine. And

that little pale face—sweet face— Why should *she* be pale?"

A sudden film arose before the bold blue eyes, and dimmed the glow of the fire. Impatiently he dashed the drops away.

"This won't do!" half aloud. Flinging aside the empty pipe, he pulled forward a desk loaded with papers, and set to work. I will not vouch that the face did not blur the long rows of figures for a few moments; but soon the practiced pen ran steadily. There is nothing like a tough job of numerals to save "a fellow" from turning "spooney."

By-and-by our young man began searching in his pockets.

"That memorandum of Brooks & Tilford, where did I put it?" he muttered, turning over the contents of various receptacles. Finally the overcoat was seized and shaken. "Hallo!" cried he, as something tumbled out and fell to the floor. But his wonderment increased as he picked it up.

"For me!" he exclaimed. "Why what on earth—?" And then the brown face grew suddenly pale. Surely through dust and grime he knew the writing. The envelope was torn open and cast aside. Yes, there was the familiar hand—feminine, delicate—Daisy's hand. And this was what it said:

"Your letter has only this moment reached me. I don't know what has delayed it so long; but you will get this to-morrow. You were not at the Stewarts' to-night. Stanley Powys said the frigate kept you away. Dear, dearest Ned, how foolish I am, playing with my happiness, delaying to utter the word which has been singing in my soul ever since I read your dear lines! Do you not guess what it is? That I love you—have loved you—that I only played with Stanley to hide from myself, if possible, the secret I dared not confess to myself—that I am yours, and blessed in being so as never before? DAISY."

Lieutenant Meriton sat up all night kissing the dirty note.

We sit and smile at the theatre over the romantic *dénouement* of the play, and watch the hero and heroine make up their quarrel, explain away all the carefully prepared misunderstandings, and, to the sound of soft music, sink sweetly into each other's arms. But, after all, romance is not quite unknown in real life. Situations to the full as pretty occur every day; perhaps we ourselves may have played a part in one or more in the course of our lives. Be that as it may, I defy Wallack to get up a more effective tableau than that presented at No. 33 on the morning when this modern Bobby Shafto, come from sea, appeared at the door, bearing in his hand, for apology and credential, the long-delayed letter. The tall, bronzed fellow, who would have faced a battery without flinching, was pale and tremulous as a girl as he pleaded his cause to the fair, delicate creature who received him with such quiet dignity. But Daisy was too happy to be long cruel or incredulous. In half an hour all was explained, and believed. In an hour and a half the shell pink had dawned afresh in the cheek so pale only yesterday; the past was become a dream—a dark bridge between two radiant days. And now the topic for bewildered wonderment was, how, when, whence did the luckless letter fall at last into custody of the right person?

"Can't you guess? Haven't you the least idea, Ned?" was Daisy's cry, then and for weeks after. But Ned cudgeled his brains in vain. Cupid's little emissary in ragged jacket had vanished utterly from his memory, eclipsed by the greater things that followed in his train.

It is thus that we often overlook our obscure benefactors.

"Bless him, whoever he is!" was Daisy's conclusion. "And may somebody some day make him as happy as he has made me!"

Let us hope that the benediction thus sweetly breathed may somehow, in its widening circles, find out and rest upon that "forgotten worthy," Thomas Tucker.

NAVAL DUELS.

THE grandest naval duel ever fought occurred on the 19th of June, 1863, in the British Channel, between the United States steam-frigate *Kearsarge* and the "Confederate *Alabama*." There was not an element of poetical interest wanting in the preliminaries; the fight itself was spirited and picturesque, and the ending was a consummation of more dramatic effect than was ever conceived for the mimic stage. This magnificent history of patriotism, of American genius, and the triumph of a righteous cause, is brought to mind, so far as the result was obtained through the duello, by the recently reported fight off the mouth of the harbor of Havana between the French war vessel the *Bouvet* and the Prussian *Meteor*. In the month of November, 1870, these two gun-boats of nearly equal strength had been cruising in the Caribbean Sea, and almost simultaneously entered the harbor of Havana. The officers and crews of the two vessels, under the protection of a neutral power, thronged the streets, met in the coffee-houses, and, joining with the citizens, eventually created an excitement which resulted in a formal challenge between the two belligerents to meet outside the harbor, and test their claims of superiority by the wage of battle. The Spanish authorities had interested themselves "as friends of the parties," and the Spanish citizens had stirred up the excitement; so the Captain-General and staff, and innumerable other officials and "invited guests," on board of the man-of-war *Hernando Cortés*, accompanied the duelists to the "fighting ground," while the excited populace covered the flat roofs of the houses and the heights about Moro Castle to cheer the duelists on to the bloody conflict. The moment the *Bouvet* and *Meteor* reached "neutral waters," nine miles from shore, they commenced firing 24-pound shots, and trying to break each other's sides by coming in collision. In one hour they made semi-wrecks of themselves; and the Frenchman signified that satisfaction was obtained by suddenly leaving for the protection of the Havana harbor, the Prussian sending a parting salute; then repairing damages, and "following after." The "Spanish authorities" on the *Hernando Cortés* expressed themselves highly satisfied, and friends and foes finally united under the shadow of Moro Castle, and were received by the active population of Havana, the individual members of which again crowded the rocky heights and flat roofs commanding a view of the harbor, to give each alike the welcome and enthusiastic approval.

An interesting incident, which may be said to have closed the warlike demonstrations of our Revolutionary war, is recalled by the above, which not only shows how thoroughly "history repeats itself," but also that the duels of the sea are not uncommon or dissimilar in general association, if not in result.

The French frigate *Ambuscade* arrived in the port of New York July 14, 1792. Political feeling was still very bitter against England, and especially so among the "Republicans;" and owing to the fact that the *Ambuscade* had made many prizes of British merchantmen, the reception of Captain Bunford and the officers of the *Ambuscade* was most enthusiastic. All this was very offensive to the officers of the British frigate *Boston*, at that time lying off the harbor, who previously, when on a visit to New York, were scarcely treated with civility. Captain Courtney, of the *Boston*, displayed his irritability by sending a false report to the city of the arrival off soundings of the consort of the *Ambuscade*, thereby entrapping a boat's crew of Frenchmen into becoming prisoners of war on board of the *Boston*. This ungenerous act was denounced by the Republicans, and Captain Courtney, the English commander, showed his contempt of their denunciations by sending a challenge to the French ship to meet him at sea.

The population of the city opposed to British influence backed up the valor of the Frenchmen, while those who believed in the invincibility of the tars of old England were willing to give large odds that the *Ambuscade* would be taken. The "French party" finally became so vociferous that the challenge was accepted, and many citizens went on the French ship as volunteers, while others crowded the pilot-boats and other fast craft, and went down to the "Hook" to witness the combat.

The naval duel was fought so near the coast that the cannonade was heard on the contiguous shores of Staten Island and New Jersey. The spectators in the "sight-seeing boats" climbed into the rigging, and cheered on the combat by encouraging plaudits.

The action that followed was spirited and well contested. The captain of the English frigate was killed, the mainmast of the vessel was shot away, and the hull was so damaged "that much water was in her hold." In this condition the British frigate abandoned the fight, and bore away for Halifax. The Frenchman attempted pursuit, but owing to the damage "done the rigging" the *Boston* escaped.

On the return of the victorious ship her officers and crew were received with an absolute ovation. The French tricolor and the United States flag were entwined in the public houses, and in some parts of New York city it was dangerous to express sympathy for the defeated party. French manners and modes of address from this time were imitated by the Republicans. Political partisans addressed the President as Citizen George Washington, the tricolored cockade was worn in the streets, and some enthusiasts even went so far as to propose that the French flag be adopted as the symbol of nationality of the United States. Thus the recently fought engagement near the harbor of Havana, between the *Bouvet* and the *Meteor*, almost literally, in every particular, repeated one fought at the mouth of the harbor of New York seventy-nine years ago.

HOT SPRINGS.

THEY are found on all the continents. Here in America they are numerous, varying in temperature and the character of the water. Nearly all of them hold minerals or salts of some kind in solution, for which they have a medicinal reputation. Those containing sulphur are mostly sought by invalids on account of a prevailing notion, no way sustained by facts, however, that sick people are in need of brimstone.

Those geologists who refuse to sanction the theory of internal fire—contending that the central portion of the earth is solid matter—can not make any body believe cold water can be made hot without fire. No argument is required to sustain the Plutonic opinion that the centre of this globe is an immense molten mass, forever burning without consuming—kept in that condition by the motion of the world on its axis while speeding its endless circuit in a prescribed orbit of the heavens. Water falling from the skies on mountains and plains by its gravity percolates down through seams and dislocations of the rocks, till, reaching the regions of perpetual fire, it is instantly converted into steam and forced back to the surface. It is condensed as it rises, till it appears at the opening absolutely hot water. One of the most celebrated of all is the great geyser of Iceland, which throws up a column of water at a temperature of 180°. It moves by regular pulsations. Once in about one hour and a half the mighty power below raises a stream nine feet in diameter to the height of one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly. At the mouth of the funnel in the basin from whence it comes the water is at a temperature of 242°, cooling to 180° in its open air exposure when it falls.

The hot springs of Virginia, Arkansas, all over South America, in Asia, and wherever found, confirm the position assumed in this article, that no stronger demonstration is required by the demands of science to sustain the doctrine of a vast central fire in the bowels of the earth beneath our feet.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE comes a rumor—whether true or untrue we do not pretend to say—that the time is not far distant when ladies will return to the simplicity of the Grecian style in dressing the hair; that plain bands in front, and a coil behind, big or little, according to the actual amount of hair possessed, will be the "mode." Wonderful transformation! Gentlemen will need to be introduced to their nearest friends when this transpires; for even a husband would scarce recognize his own wife, if, leaving her at morning crimped, puffed, frizzled, and curled after the fashion of the day, he should return at night to find her arrayed in her own tresses, arranged *à la* Grecian.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary head-dressing which ladies have submitted to during the past few years, they have not gone to the length and height and breadth in the matter which fashion-followers did in olden times. The huge square head-dresses which prevailed during the reign of Henry IV., and the horned ones which followed, and the steeples which, still later, crowned the heads of ladies, were monstrosities from which we have been delivered. Isabella of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI. of France, carried this latter fashion to such an extent that the doors of the palace at Vincennes were obliged to be enlarged to admit her and the ladies of her train. May good spirits defend the ladies of our time from the approach of such hideous would-be appendages! The happy medium between excess and defect in dressing the hair may yet be attained.

A bill which was lately introduced into Congress to prohibit the wanton destruction of buffalo on the public lands is said to be based upon the fact that, in passing over the Kansas Pacific Railroad, last winter, the train was snowed in, and for ten days the only food of about one hundred passengers was buffalo-meat.

Soon the old arsenal building in the Central Park will be re-opened to the public, with various renovations and improvements, and an extensive and valuable natural-history collection. This collection has been largely increased during the past year, and has been arranged with much care and scientific skill. The thousands who visit the Park during the coming season, especially the children, will be amused and instructed by the interesting objects to be seen.

The mildness of March has led the weather-wise to predict that we shall have a cold April. But dispatches from Mount Washington give indications of an early spring. During the month of March the snow usually accumulates to the depth of five or six feet at the base of Mount Washington, and throughout the northern part of the State. It is the season for killing moose, as they can be quickly run down in the deep snow, the hunters walking upon snow-shoes. But now the snow is not over a foot deep at the base of the mountain, and it is very thin elsewhere in the north. As there are no large areas of snow in the north to chill the atmosphere and freeze the moisture into snow, it may reasonably be supposed that winter is really as well as nominally over.

A smart old gentleman is Baron Liebig, to resume, at sixty-eight years old, his lectures on chemistry in the university at Munich. He has, however, already realized a comfortable fortune.

The New York correspondent of a Rochester paper, in writing about A. T. Stewart's up-town store, says: "Mr. Stewart makes a daily tour through his concern, which requires from one to two hours, after which he goes to the down-town warehouse. His entrance is in an unobtrusive manner, and the clerks take no more notice of him than of any wayfarer. Of the crowds that are shopping not one out of a hundred knows who that quiet man may be. He walks silently through the departments, and it is understood that nobody is to speak to him except the managers. He notices every change that may have occurred since yesterday. At one glance he takes in the character of the stock and the chances of sale. He speaks a few words to the manager of one department, and passes to the next. The condition of the vast concern, with its twenty cashiers, its five hundred clerks, its stock of two millions, and its demands and dangers, is at once understood and provided for. If you were to ask him why he thus increased in business as he increased in years, and why at the age when men lay aside their burdens he is enlarging his, he would, I think, reply: 'God gave me this disposition, and I have gratified it. Business has been to me a pleasure. These conceptions came upon me, and I have wrought them out.'"

The exhaustive demand which Emperor William has made for men will enlarge woman's opportunities in Prussia. By a recent order of the Minister of Education, women who prove themselves qualified are to be accepted as teachers of modern languages in public schools—a profession hitherto filled only by men.

During the marriage ceremony which united Miss Nettie Chase and Mr. William Sprague Hoyt, when the ring was about to be placed upon the bride's finger, she herself removed her glove, her first bride-maid holding her bouquet. Henceforth all brides may consider themselves authorized to perform this little service for themselves.

Three million five hundred thousand is the number of skeletons which a late census states to be packed up in the catacombs of Paris.

How many mothers' hearts would quiver at the mere thought of their little petted boy being a pickpocket! A few days ago a man on Broadway felt a hand thrust into the small pocket of his overcoat. The hand belonged to a ragged little urchin only nine years old, who darted off with a five-dollar bill in his hand. Having been arrested, the child told this story:

"My name's Steve Brodie, an' my mudder lives up in Madison Street. I tuk five dollars out uv a man's pocket; but I only done it three times afore, mister. Baldey Cudney—he made me do it. Baldey is a boy bigger than me. I never tuk nothin' out o' fellers' pockets till he made me do it. The man was on the corner o' Broadway and Barclay Street, an' Baldey Cudney pulled the bill up so it showed in the little pocket uv his overcoat, an' he told me for to take it; an' when I tuk the bill out uv the man's pocket Baldey Cudney he pulled me behind an omnibus, an' tuk the five dollars off me, an' give me fifty cents for it. That's the way it all was. I only tuk money out o' fellers' pockets three times afore. Ef me mudder gives the judge five dollars, won't he let me go, ef the feller don't appear agin me? Baldey Cudney said he would."

Is there not work enough for the charitable when children in the street are thus educated to steal? And we know that this case is only one among thousands.

A Brooklyn physician considers Turkey figs, boiled in water, so as to make a sort of tea, and mixed with a little fresh brewer's yeast, a specific remedy for scarlet fever. He recommends that this simple preparation be used as food, drink, and medicine.

A Chicago clergyman who was afflicted with sleeplessness was induced to take hydrate of chloral for a few nights. Its effects were very pleasant at first. Then came a peculiar dimness of sight, the eyes became congested, and the lids swollen and partially paralyzed. He concluded the remedy was not suited to his case.

Not long ago there were rumors of the death of Madame Ratazzi, but it appears that they were false, and that she still lives. She is the granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and when young married a wealthy resident of Hamburg of the name of Salms. Like many other marriages, this did not prove a happy one, and after a while she returned alone to Paris, where she caused herself to be known as the *Princess* of Salms, in spite of the expostulations of a noble family, who felt their rights thereby invaded. She was both extravagant and unscrupulous in her mode of living. After her marriage with Ratazzi, and she made her appearance in Florence, where he resides, many private houses were closed against her, though she was received at court. Several books have been published under her name, of which she is doubtless the author, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary.

The equestrian statue of General Winfield Scott, which is to be placed in Franklin Square, Washington, will be cast in bronze at Wood's foundry, in Philadelphia. Brass cannon, captured by Scott's army in Mexico, will be used in the statue, the entire weight of which will be about three thousand pounds.

Mrs. Charles, the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family" and other well-known books, is described as a woman of great dignity of presence and uncommon culture, an excellent German scholar and a brilliant conversationist. She also possesses energy, and a most kindly disposition, as is shown by the fact that, at a time when thousands were dying in London of cholera in a single day, she left her books and her delightful house in Hampstead, and plunged into the worst parts of the huge city, taking care of the sick, and distributing money, clothing, and good words.

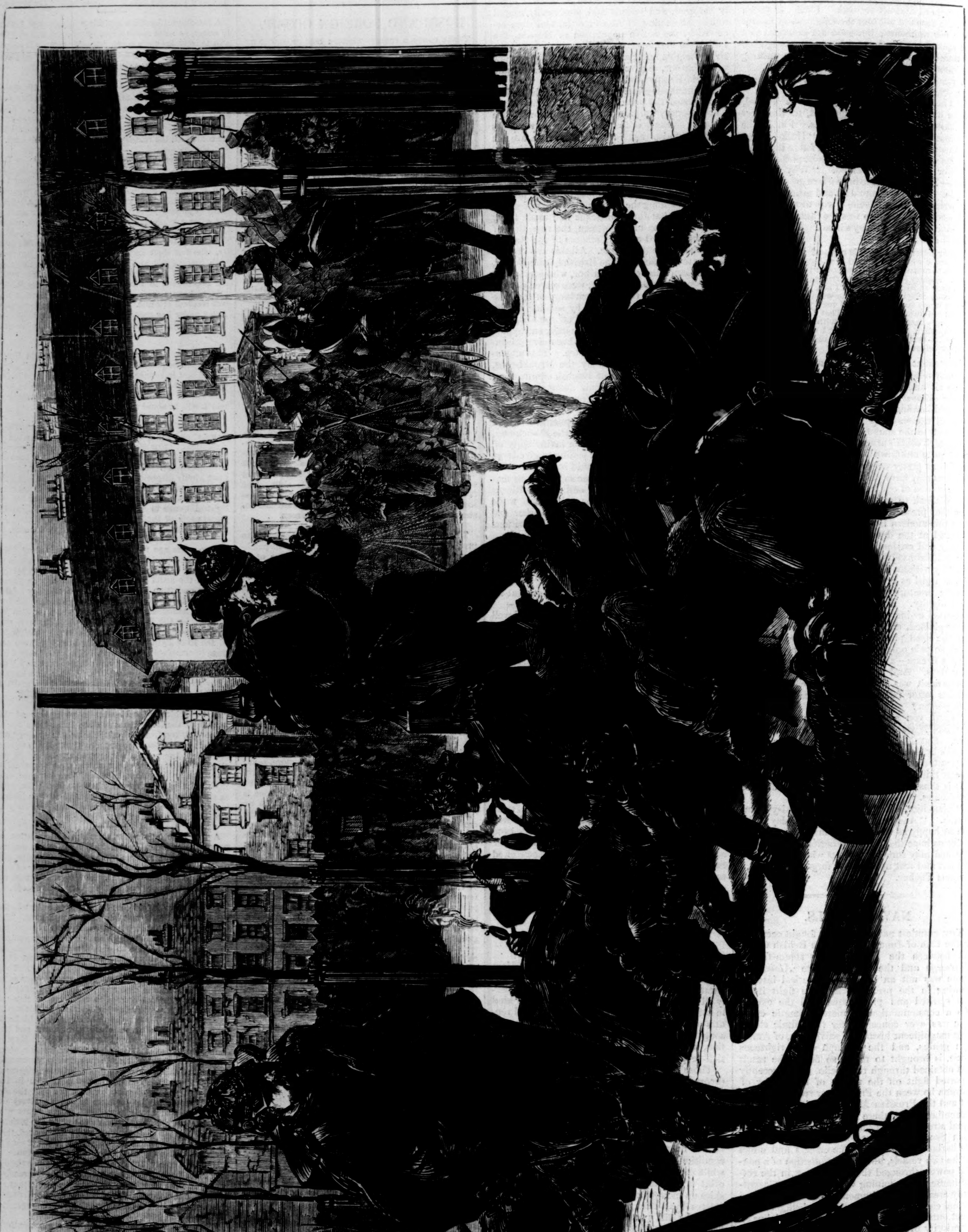
Two years ago the artist Healey received an order from Bishop Spalding, of Baltimore, for a portrait of the Pope. As it was impossible to obtain a private sitting, the artist did the best he could, from photographs and from studies made from memory of his Holiness in public and private audiences. At last Cardinal Antonelli, seeing this portrait, took it to the Vatican for the Holy Father's inspection, who was much pleased and highly complimentary. "But," added the Holy Father, "Mr. Healey ought to have sittings to complete this portrait. Moreover," said Pius IX., with a sad smile, "I am not as stout as I was. Mr. Healey must change the face a little, and have a study from nature." This sitting was given, and the result is the best picture ever made of the pontiff.

In the cabinet of curiosities in possession of the warden of the Massachusetts State Prison is a leathern strap taken from one of the prisoners a short time ago. It is about an inch and a half wide, with strings at each end so as to tie it around the body. In the strap, at intervals of about an inch, and numbering some twenty altogether, holes had been punched, and in these holes were inserted sharp-pointed nails, such as shoe-makers use in lasting shoes, and this instrument of torture the prisoner wore around his body as a mortification of the flesh.

A few days before her marriage a deputation of young ladies from Great Britain and Ireland was received at Windsor Castle by the Princess Louise, and presented her with a Bible. The total number of subscribers to the gift was 4755. Her royal highness acknowledged the present with a pretty little speech.

A good story is told concerning Max Strakosch, the manager of Mlle. Nilsson's concert engagements. The inhabitants of Richmond, Indiana, having heard of the fame of the Swedish songstress, a club was organized to make arrangements to obtain a musical treat. A deputation of four hastened to Cincinnati, where Strakosch was, to confer with him on the subject. They pledged themselves to pay $500, all extra receipts to be divided between the club and the troup, an offer the magnitude of which seemed to overcome the musical director. After expressing his emotions at this signal recognition of Nilsson's abilities, he examined his book for a day. Page after page was scrutinized, and the leaves turned backward and forward fitfully. He was about to close the book with a hopeless expression, when he suddenly re-opened it, and triumphantly announced that he had a day, and eagerly recorded an engagement for February 29. The contract was ratified in the usual way, and flaming announcements told the delighted people of the pleasure in store. Every arrangement was nearly completed, when some wise man, in attempting to discover what night the 29th fell on, saw the joke. It was promptly announced that, owing to a sudden illness, Nilsson would not sing in Richmond. How correct this newspaper version is we pretend not to say, but it is reported that since the disappointed people have learned that Nilsson receives something like three thousand dollars a night, they are of opinion that Strakosch was amusing himself, or consulting an almanac for 1868, in making the engagement.

When Audubon was young he was a most enthusiastic adventurer, and without any companion explored the Western woods and prairies in search of subjects for his pencil. One of these expeditions cost him much. On returning home he found the rats had made their way into the box which contained his drawings, and had totally ruined the work of years. Audubon was so much distressed at this calamity that a severe fit of illness followed. But he was not disheartened; and when he recovered he resumed his work, and spent three years in replacing what the rats had destroyed. His drawings were not at first appreciated in America; and having tried in vain to find a publisher here, he went to England, where he was at once welcomed, and in 1828 the first volume of his "Birds of America" was brought out.



SCENES IN PARIS DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION—WAITING FOR A PASSAGE.—[See Page 339.]

INFANTINE CARESSES—AN ITALIAN MOTHER.—From a Painting by W. Bouguereau.—[See Page 334.]

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

By Alice Robbins.

Only the moon saw us,
Kitty, my darling;
Only the man in the moon:
Grandfather sleeping and grandmother knitting,
You and I in the old porch sitting,
Bats in the dim beyond aimlessly flitting.
I must be going soon:
Give me another, for nobody sees us,
Only the man in the moon.

Maybe there is a man,
Kitty, my darling,
Queer fellow, up in the moon.
If so, be sure he has stolen sweet kisses—
There must be matrons and there must be misses
Up in that silver-white country; but this is
Better than bliss in the moon.
One more, my beautiful; nobody sees us,
Only the man in the moon.

Kitty, sweet Kitty,
My darling, my darling,
Don't mind the man in the moon.
Now that you've listened, and now that I've told you,
Dearest, my love, my soul's love, I shall hold you;
Close to my beating breast some day shall fold you,
Kitty, my darling.
Only one more, love—I *will* snatch another,
Spite of the man in the moon.

Grandfather's stirring, sweet;
Hurry, my darling;
He will be coming here soon.
I've only taken two; three's an odd number:
There! now the old man may wake from his slumber,
Talk about stock, and the flour-mill, and lumber.
I'm just as happy,
Kitty, my darling:
Only I'll have *four*, the next time, remember.
How are *you*, man in the moon?

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE "HONEST FARMER" AND AN AFTERPIECE.

The Assembly Rooms at Brackmere had been built in honor of Terpsichore, an unexacting muse, who only requires a level for her devotees, and a gallery for the musicians. Had the architect possessed an eye for the accommodation of Thespis, he would at least have given this place a couple of doors. As it was, so far from each player having his exits and his entrances, there was only one exit, which was also the entrance for every body; so that where, in sensational melodramas such as the "Honest Farmer," virtuous Indignation left the stage, pitchfork in hand, in pursuit of the Oppressor, it was a puzzle to the audience how she could ever be so unfortunate as to miss him. The gallery, indeed, had an exterior door, as well as a spiral staircase communicating with the body of the hall, but, as Miss Jennings (who sat next to Martha Barr) remarked, disconsolately, "What would be the good of *that* in case of fire!"

The idea of what newspapers call "the devouring element" was the first that presented itself to this lady when visiting any covered place of entertainment, and since she retained it (like a stall) throughout the evening, it rather damped her pleasure, otherwise she would have been supremely happy on the present occasion; for, in the first place, Mr. Simcoe had munificently presented her with her ticket, a fact which of itself would have recommended any position; and secondly, her place was among the very best in the house, being a rush-bottomed chair with a back to it—not a form, such sufficed the majority of the audience—and placed in the front row, and immediately opposite the bassoon. That instrument itself, or rather the man who played it, was also a source of triumph to her as a sister of St. Etheldreda, for she recognized in him a member of the choir of Dorcas Chapel, whom money had tempted to undertake the secular if not profane task of assisting a stage play.

"Lor, my dear," said she to Martha, "if poor Mrs. Bannacre (who had such hopes of him) could only see him!"

This crowning joy was not likely to happen, however, since Mrs. Bannacre would as soon have ridden through Brackmere in the costume of Lady Godiva, to redeem the tax on playing-cards, as have been present at any theatrical performance whatsoever.

The "Honest Farmer" was a most excellent play, too, wherein the gulf between good people and bad was marked with true evangelical distinctness, and the former were rewarded, and (better still) the latter punished with exemplary rigor. The *dramatis personæ* were almost entirely composed of the Jobblin family. The Patriarch, for whose benefit the play was played, acted the principal character, and, out of consideration for his years (and legs), was accommodated throughout the performance with a chair. His memory being also slightly inaccurate, his daughter, a septuagenarian (whose presence, since her part was not in the play-bill, gave the audience some embarrassment), read what he had to say from behind his chair, and from time to time administered to him some liquid stimulant. His granddaughter, who was forty-five or so, was the object of the machinations of the Lothario of the piece, who was also his cruel landlord. When this villain, who would have turned the honest old fellow out of house and homestead, was about to seize him by the collar, there was a unanimous alarm among the members of his family lest he should come to pieces! "Be very careful with him, Bob!" cried the damsel to her would-be ravisher; so that, though he did not stir him, it was really a most moving scene.

The curtain finally came down, or would have done so if there had not been a hitch in the machinery, amidst a tempest of applause. There was an afterpiece, in which the Patriarch was advertised to sing a song; and in the mean time the audience, no longer spell-bound by the inthralling interest of the drama, was at liberty to interchange their criticisms, or to partake of refreshments, supplied by the hotel under whose roof they were. Some of the more audacious spirits, whose social position gave them the privilege to do so, even moved about.

"Why, Lor bless me," cried Miss Jennings, "if the very thing which I have been thinking of all the evening hasn't come to pass!"

"You don't mean 'fire!'" exclaimed Martha, apprehensively.

"No, no; not that; but what I have been thinking of was that if there should have been fire, and every body had run to the spiral staircase, and found Mr. Simcoe stuck in the middle of it, what a terrible thing it would be; and there *is* Mr. Simcoe coming down the staircase, as large as life!"

"Well, my dear, but he has not stuck in it, has he?" said Martha, smiling.

"Well, it's a providence if he doesn't," answered Miss Jennings, who, with twisted neck, was watching her stout friend's descent with the utmost interest. "I thought it so odd, you know, that he shouldn't be in his place, after having paid so much for it; but what I fancy is that he has been dining at the hotel. Those late dinners never agree with him, dear soul! and there, you may depend upon it, is the gentleman he has been dining *with*. That's the great Mr. Widdrop, or Winthrop, my dear. How beautiful he is dressed, to be sure; and if they're not making straight for us! Oh dear, oh dear, how glad I am that their places are next Miss Mabel, and not me! He'll introduce him to a certainty. Just give a glance at my hair, will you, and tell me if it's all right."

But Martha's attention was fixed upon the advancing pair. Like a steam-tug with a fair ship in tow, Mr. Simcoe was panting toward them, closely followed by an elegant stranger, with a crush-hat under his arm, which divided with himself the admiration of the Brackmere audience.

"My dear Miss Barr, let me introduce to you my friend, Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot, whom the reputation of our baths and excellent sea-air—Ah, Miss Denham, you know, it seems—"

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Denham," said Mr. Winthrop, with an illustrative glance at her mourning apparel, "in other—and happier days."

He shook hands with Mabel warmly, but with great respect, and seated himself by her side. The room seemed to spin round with her as the audience welcomed the appearance of the Patriarch, in comic costume, with encouraging plaudits. Her brain was dazed for the moment, but through her pained and confused senses a conviction smote her with all the force of a presentiment that with this moment, which she had dreaded so long and striven to avert so vainly, had arrived her fate. She gazed on Mr. Winthrop, with his mournful smile and sympathetic voice, like some frightened but submissive bird, who, caught in the crafty snare, perceives the fowler coming.

While the Patriarch quavered his foolish ditty, like a doomed man jesting at death, her neighbor addressed her in an under-tone, which, though so respectful and so full of earnest tenderness, made her shiver.

"It is not long since we met, Miss Denham, counting by mere time, and yet it must needs have seemed long to you, since sorrow has filled up the interval; nor has it seemed otherwise to me, believe me."

"Your son is well, I hope?" replied Mabel, making a feeble attempt to affect to misunderstand her persecutor.

"Yes, Horn is quite well," returned Mr. Winthrop. "He has never much the matter with him, I fancy, except that very common complaint, a deficiency of finances."

Mabel's cheeks became crimson.

"But you yourself, I fear, are not in good health," murmured she, "as I gather from what Mr. Simcoe was saying."

"Oh dear, yes, I am quite well—that is, in health." Here he sighed deeply. "The air of Brackmere is no doubt very efficacious, but it may scarcely minister, I will not say to a mind diseased—but to one engrossed and saddened by the pursuit of a single object. I did not come hither for the air, dear Miss Denham. Can you guess—excuse the precipitation and inopportuneness of such an inquiry; the heart is instant, and lacks ceremony—can you guess why I have come?"

Except by a sudden paleness and a quickened breathing, Mabel did not reply. She was gazing intently on the Patriarch, who had, apparently, exhausted his feeble lungs.

"It makes you quite nervous, does it not, my dear," observed Martha, "for fear the poor old man should utterly break down?"

"He'll give us one verse too much if he don't take care," panted Mr. Simcoe, warningly. "*I* know what it is to catch at your breath and miss it."

"I hope he won't be like the swans," said Mr. Winthrop, in a voice which, contrasted with that of his stout acquaintance, sounded like the soft notes of a musical snuff-box, "who are said to die in the act of singing."

"He ain't much like a swan to look at," said Mr. Simcoe.

Then the under-tone began again. "How was your charming sister, my dear Miss Denham, when last you heard from her, and her very amiable husband? That's well. But to what a distance they have removed themselves! You must seem to yourself to be scarcely in the same world."

This was very true; but he need not, she thought, have laid such stress just then upon her loneliness.

"It was but the other day that I saw our good friend the Professor, at Oxford," continued he. "He is a very constant admirer of yours, and was as full of your praises in the common room as he used to be over his cigar at *The Grand*. You may imagine, therefore, how we foregathered together. To meet you, dear Miss Denham, has been a pleasure long denied me; but it was something to meet one who knew and valued you at your true worth, believe me. This wretched affair, it seems, is over, and the people are beginning to move. May I ask permission to call in Bellevue Terrace to-morrow?"

She motioned assent with her head, not trusting herself to speak.

"Thanks," he said. "And in the mean time would you introduce me to Miss Martha Barr, of whom I have heard so much from our common friend, Mr. Simcoe?"

Mabel obeyed mechanically; and the two gentlemen offering to see the ladies home, it being a fine night, and they on foot, she took Mr. Simcoe's arm, and Martha that of Mr. Winthrop; these latter soon outstripped the other pair, since, though Mr. Simcoe's pace was good while it lasted, it was intermittent.

"It was at Shingleton, I believe, that you became acquainted with my dear young friend," said Martha; "was it not, Mr. Winthrop?"

"It was, madam. Did Miss Denham tell you so?" inquired he, with eagerness. "I mean, I should feel honored to think that she had remembered my name after such an interval."

"It was some time ago that I heard it," returned Martha, simply; "it was in an extract of a letter from a Mrs. Marshall. You were a friend of hers, were you not?"

"I was acquainted with that lady," said Mr. Winthrop, rather stiffly. "She was a kind-hearted, good creature; and an original, too, like our friend Mr. Simcoe."

"Ah! now what do you think of Mr. Simcoe?" inquired Martha, delighted at this opportunity of introducing the great Brackmere question.

"I think him an excellent fellow," said Mr. Winthrop, promptly. "He was so kind as to call upon me, although I came here as a total stranger. By-the-bye, can you tell me what is the meaning of that funny word that is printed on his card?"

"Oh, Tiddliwinks?" said Martha, laughing. "That is the house where he lives. Some of our Brackmere folks are a little pretentious, and call their mansions by grand names; and Mr. Simcoe wishes to reprove them, I fancy, by giving his own dwelling so absurd a title, though it is really one of the best in the town."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Winthrop. "I am all the better pleased that he has been so good as to invite me to it. I dislike pretension exceedingly. One of the things that so delighted me, and, indeed, all who met your charming relative at Shingleton, was her perfect naturalness. So many young ladies of the present day are disfigured by affectation, while Miss Denham (we all remarked) had not a particle of it."

"Now that's very true," said Martha, emphatically. She was pleased to hear a theory of her own (not uncommon, however, among ladies of her time of life) corroborated by a gentleman of Mr. Winthrop's experience, and she was more than pleased to hear her darling so judiciously praised. They were now drawing near the little terrace, the view from which—and under that star-lit sky it was really most beautiful—excited Mr. Winthrop's admiration; whereby he made another advance in his companion's good opinion, for she was exceedingly proud of what she called her "look-out."

"I often wish that one of those painters, who immortalize so many places that are in no need of their patronage, would come down and paint poor Brackmere," said Martha.

"I can not promise it immortality," replied Mr. Winthrop, smiling; "but I paint in a small way myself, and have endeavored to do justice to your beautiful town. If you will allow me, I will send over my port-folio for your inspection to-morrow morning."

"Oh, but won't you bring it yourself?" said Martha, good-naturedly.—"Mabel, dear"—for the other two had come up by this time—"Mr. Winthrop here is a great artist, though he pretends to be very humble about it, and has been putting Brackmere upon canvas."

"Only paper, I assure you," remonstrated Mr. Winthrop.

"Well, at all events, you would like to see them, Mabel, would you not?"

Mabel bowed and murmured an assent.

"Then we shall see you to-morrow morning, with your port-folio?"

"My dear madam, I shall be most delighted," replied Mr. Winthrop, shaking hands with Martha cordially. Then he took Mabel's unresisting fingers in his own, and murmured, "*Au revoir.*" It sounded like an echo six months old.

"And I *say*," said Mr. Simcoe, as he was turning away with his companion, "if you ladies give a good report of Mr. Winthrop's drawings, I'll have them lithographed, and stuck on note-paper; just like they do with views at Brighton and Ramsgate. It'll do Brackmere a deal of good. Good-night."

"Well, I am not often enthusiastic about new people," said Martha, as she and Mabel lit their "flat" candles, "but I do think your friend Mr. Winthrop a very charming man."

"He is said to be very agreeable," returned Mabel, quietly.

"*Said* to be, my dear! Nay, he certainly *is*; and it's very creditable to a man with twenty thousand a year—well, or even less—to give himself the trouble to be agreeable. But you are fagged and tired, I see; and it's no wonder, with the clock just striking twelve. Good-night, my precious pet, and pleasant dreams."

But there were no pleasant dreams, nor even sleep, for Mabel that night. Hour after hour went by, and she still sat at the window, with her cheek resting on her hand, gazing thoughtfully on sky and sea. Her fate was fixed, she knew; she could have almost said her "doom."

If she had been less unhappy at Brackmere than she really was; if word or sign had come to her from Richard Thornton through all those weary months; if— But why vex herself with idle might-have-beens? She had accepted money from this man's hand, which she could not repay except in one way. She did not love him; but that he knew full well. She would tell him so in plain words when the time came; and yet (she knew) he would take her for his bride. Well, she would be very rich, and able to do good. But no; she would not deceive herself with the idea of being good and happy. She would be a faithful and dutiful wife, and do her best to please him, no matter what should come of it. He was certainly fond of *her*, and, on the whole, had behaved—well, if not honorably, at least honestly enough, like an honest trader who has advanced money to a needy neighbor, and naturally looks for repayment. Nay, better than that, for, after all, the money could not be exacted; it was a debt of honor. It was honor's voice that bade her take this man. Her friends, who, all but one, had manifested such cold indifference to her, would now be pleased enough. It would be a "great match" for her, doubtless (where it was she had heard that expression paraphrased by "splendid misery" she could not remember; but it haunted her). Even Martha would be pleased, for she had evidently taken a fancy to Mr. Winthrop. What did these things matter, after all? There are only a few years at farthest for the most wretched of us; then Fate relents, and dispatches Death to open gates and set us free. Up in heaven yonder, beyond the stars somewhere, her dead father was awaiting her with stretched-out hands. Did he see her now? At that thought she mechanically covered her face with her hands. Presently the stars began to disappear before the cold gray dawn; then the sun arose, and with it the sounds of life from the busy shore: the dip of the oar, the flap of the sail, the scraps of song, and the whistle that is the music of the careless heart.

"O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

As this poem came into her mind the tears filled her heated eyes at last, for which they had yearned so long. Then for the first time she felt cold and numb, and with one long, weary sigh, she undressed and crept into bed.

CHAPTER XXX.

A LOG-HUT AND ITS TENANT.

Small as is the tenement inhabited by Miss Martha Barr at Brackmere, we are about to be introduced to a still smaller. It is a log-hut situated in a vast plain in the far west—of Surrey. It is a very rough specimen of house-building, and consists but of two duodecimo apartments, that would open directly into one another save for the intervention of a little lobby four feet square. Small as these rooms are, however, they are furnished with a certain savage splendor; not elegantly, by any means, but every object is good, or at least expensive of its kind, and so unnecessarily costly that even a *young* woman would exclaim, "How extravagant!" at the sight of them, and a young man, "How jolly!" Every article in the dressing-case on the bedroom table, for example, is of silver-gilt; the huge brushes are of ivory, with a coat of arms engraved upon their backs; a cigar-case of solid silver, but dinted with much rough usage, lies beside them; and upon it a match-box of even a more costly metal, set with precious stones. The unpapered walls are hung with pictures, the subjects of which are French, but the frames are chaste enough and massive. On the mantel-piece is a carved meerschaum, such as a dainty trader in such articles would keep in his shop window to attract the curious rather than with any hope of sale; it was once a wonder of fair sculpture, too tender almost for touch, but it has so suffered from careless handling that its flowers are blossomless, its figures torsos. On the floor, which is carpeted by a tiger-skin, is a heap of gay clothing, an officer's full-dress uniform—evidently cast off with violence—a sword half out of its sheath, and a broken brandy-bottle.

Let us hope it is to drown the fumes of the escaped liquor that the owner of all these splendors is indulging in the bad habit of smoking in bed. The morning is far advanced, yet there he lies, a swarthy, handsome young fellow enough, with an immense *intimidad* in his mouth, and his eyes roving slowly about the room, with a dissatisfied, morose expression in them, as of one who seeks a quarrel, which, with furniture, especially if it is one's own, it is so difficult to get up.

"Fang! Fang!" cries he, presently, in an impatient voice; at which, from beneath the bed, there creeps out slowly an enormous bull-dog. As he stands upon the tiger-skin—brute upon brute—with his bow-legs and prize-fighting head, his likeness to his master is most remarkable. *He* has also a dissatisfied and morose expression, as of one who seeks a quarrel; *his* eyes are red and swollen; *his* mouth has a twitch in it.

"Fang!" and the reiterated name is accompanied by an execration; "come here." These last two words are spoken in a low tone, which is, however, by no means a conciliatory one, and are accompanied by a pat on the counterpane. Fang growls dissatisfaction; but, under pressure of another invitation even more urgent than the last, springs on the bed, and stands there, oppo-

site his master; his frightful face one frown, his bow-legs quivering with rage and fear.

"Now, then, prepare to receive cavalry." Fang falls on his great chest (for he has no knees to speak of), and gazes at his master with dumb horror. He knows by experience what is coming.

"Stand fire, Sir; if you move, I'll kill you." The lighted cigar is brought slowly nearer and nearer to the brute's cold nose; a low snarl breaks from him, a quiver passes through his limbs; at last the hot point touches him, causing the most exquisite anguish. In an instant the brute's body, which has by this time become a ball, hurls itself at its human torturer. So sudden is its onslaught that one would hope it could not fail to catch him by the throat, and pin him to the pillow. But his master is quite prepared, and interposes a giant arm, swathed thickly with a rough towel; with the other hand he catches the animal by the neck, and compresses it until his teeth lose their hold; then he replaces his cigar, which has fallen on the pillow, and burned a hole in it, and regards his victim with grim malevolence.

"You're a bad dog, Sir, and must fly." With that he whirls the brute about his head, and discharges him—like a boomerang, except that he doesn't come back again—at a beautiful ballet-dancer, who is executing a *pas seul* on the opposite wall. Down comes bull-dog and picture and all, like Baby Bunting and her bassinet in the ballad; at which conclusion to the performance Mr. Horn Winthrop nods, and, perhaps under the impression that Toro is Spanish for bull-dog, murmurs, "Bravo, Toro!"

Presently enters Murk, his man, with the letters; one of them from "the governor," which Horn throws aside with a disrespectful ejaculation, and two others, the contents of which being "bills delivered," make him swear.

"How's the dog?" growls he; for Murk has been endeavoring to resuscitate that animal.

"Pretty much as he usually is this time in the morning," answers that worthy. "You'll kill him some day with your little attentions."

"No, I won't," replies Mr. Horn, not at all disturbed by the man's familiarity of speech. "I'll teach him to stand fire, and win a thousand pounds by backing him to do it."

"You'll want it all, Sir," was the quiet reply.

Having doctored Fang, and picked up the broken fragments of the picture-glass and bottle, this perfect treasure of a servant proceeded to administer to his master some brandy and iced Seltzer water, and to get ready his bath.

Mr. Horn Winthrop was a dainty dresser, and perhaps expended more thought in the operations of the toilet than he was accustomed to use in any other transaction of life; his hair was anointed with unguents till it shone again, and his mustache waxed to a point so stiff that it would have put your eye out. It was quite curious "to see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet," knowing what we did of him, and what a rough and rotten kernel lay beneath that shining shell. The gallant lad was off duty, but still it was necessary, since he was "in camp," to wear his undress uniform, which limited his sphere of choice as to cut and color. If it had not been for the trouble of it—for Horn hated trouble—he would always have liked to be on guard, to wear his full-dress clothes: even in mufti he was a splendid spectacle.

An *intimidad* before breakfast would have marred the appetite of most men; but Horn performed prodigies in the mess-room, first partaking of all the hot dishes on the carte, and then devastating the meats upon the side-board. His demands were like a Prussian requisition, only not so civilly expressed. His servant, Murk, had his own reasons for putting up with his young master's behavior; but Lieutenant Winthrop was not a general favorite with the mess waiters, nor with the soldiers over whom he ruled, nor with the officers with whom he associated. His manners, indeed, were odious; moreover, he shirked his work, which the veterans did not approve of; and played too well at pool to please the youngsters. Perhaps he would scarcely have been tolerated, even in the "Fast 400th," had it not been for his money. He never denied himself any thing upon the score of expense, and, happily, one can not spend vast sums upon one's self without indirectly benefiting one's fellow-creatures. At the same time, Mr. Horn Winthrop was by no means averse to make money, and he did make a good deal of it sometimes at cards and billiards; at others he lost, to his immense disgust. He had no other pursuits, to speak of, save those two amusements, at which he never lost an opportunity of perfecting his skill. The sports affected by most English gentlemen he cared little about; but he was an Englishman in one respect—he had a grievance; he was never tired of inveighing against the monstrous injustice of closing the regimental billiard-room upon a Sunday.

After breakfast, by which time it was afternoon, there was, as the semi-conscientious apologetically said, really nothing to be done in that Sahara of a camp but play billiards and drink beer. Mr. Horn Winthrop played and drank without troubling himself to invent excuses; when the tables chanced to be engaged he devoted himself to literature, in the shape of the *Sporting Times*, and cursed the sister to *Catamaran*, or the own brother of *Beelzebub*, according to circumstances. They all deceived him when any great "event" came off, and flew in the face of their public running. He had a marvelous knowledge of the "previous performances" of these creatures, and, indeed, possessed quite a mine of worthless information upon similar topics. He knew the year when *Cerito* first appeared (though it was a whole generation before he followed her example), and how much the dog Billy weighed at the date of his celebrated performance. He would also scheme to get "half a point" in the odds out of a friend, with the skill and patience of a Macchiavelli. At pool he manifested an intelligence which, when contrasted with the shallowness of his ideas, was almost miraculous. He knew the strength of the table to a hair-breadth; could calculate an angle (without knowing what an angle was) to the greatest nicety; and could make his finest strokes appear (if necessary) to be flukes. Unhappily, however, it sometimes happened that Mr. Horn Winthrop lost his temper and his money; and then it was great sport to the calmer spirits to see this young gentleman storm and rave and break his cue across his knee. On one occasion, when he chanced to miss his favorite red hazard, he drew out his penknife, and would undoubtedly have cut the spot out of the cloth, but for the remonstrances of his companions; they took him by the nape of the neck, and ejected him from the room.

Upon the day on which we have been introduced to him fortune had not been favorable to Lieutenant Winthrop, and his temper had been deteriorated accordingly. It was a great night at mess; the presence of the colonel necessitated exceptionally good behavior, and such restraints are galling to a youth of spirit. After dinner, too, it was *de rigueur* to put in an appearance in the drawing-room; and even, if a vacancy required it, to stoop to shilling whist. Such was the unwritten code, and it had to be obeyed. Even in the pool-room, which opened into this apartment, a certain calmness of manner had to be maintained, by reason of the lookers-on. The whole affair was simply intolerable and preposterous; so Lieutenant Winthrop dropped a hint here, and a whisper there, to those who could be relied upon, and organized "a little loo" in his own hut. This had to be done with caution, because the regimental authorities were "full against" loo—especially when played in a private room. It was the conviction of these "old buffers" that four out of five of those officers who are compelled to leave the army in disgrace have loo, or some similar game, to thank for it—so full of crotchets is senility; and, unfortunately, one has to respect them—so far, at least, as to keep these little matters dark.

There are divers kinds of loos by which you may ruin yourself, but that which is called "unlimited" is the most dangerous, and therefore popular. Lieutenant Forbes, Lieutenant Fordyce, Captain Stonethwaite (a good soldier, and almost the oldest officer in the regiment, but a gambler to the backbone), and Ensign Colt were the select four invited by Lieutenant Winthrop to his quarters. There was scarcely room for all five of them in the little parlor, and the table was so limited that they had to put their brandy and Seltzers on the carpet; the loo, on the other hand, was so much the reverse that there was sometimes fifty pounds, or its equivalent—for we have not all got ready money in such plenty—on the table. It is not our intention to debauch the young by describing this attractive game; let it suffice to say that he who has a long purse is commonly successful at it; but even with this advantage one must have reasonably good luck to help one.

"The devil has got the cards," cried Horn Winthrop in the present instance, which was a euphemistical mode of stating that Ensign Colt had got them. That plucky little fellow, incited (let us hope) by the remembrance that his father, who was a clergyman of small income, could with difficulty provide for his expenses in the army, never hesitated to play, no matter what the stakes, and his consequent responsibilities: he backed his luck (as the captain confessed, though he suffered by his courage) "like a good one." But Horn (who made no such admission) suffered much more heavily. In fact, though his prudence always suggested his keeping considerable funds in hand, he had to set down little memoranda upon paper.

At twelve o'clock the ensign rose. "I play no more," said he; "I am on guard to-morrow."

"Oh yes, I like that," said Horn, offensively, and meaning that he abhorred the idea: "to cut away after you have won! That is very fine!"

The ensign, usually pink and white, became quite pink. "I will play one round more, and that's all; that's flat."

The round was played, and largely increased Lieutenant Winthrop's obligations. The ensign put on his cap, and Horn his ugliest look.

"I'm hanged if you leave this," said the host, with his back against the door.

"You'll be hanged, at all events, if you get your deserts," said the little ensign: he would have stood in front of a loaded cannon without winking, but he was weak and small of stature. "Come, you let me go."

The captain, who had been ruefully casting up his own little account, here intervened. "What! you won't let a fellow go home because he has won your money? Let the boy pass."

He began to swear, as his forefathers (for the Stonethwaites had all worn the scarlet) swore in Flanders. It was like a mitrailleuse whose ammunition is inexhaustible. "Northumberland! Cumberland! Westmoreland! and Durham!" cried he (or words of similar sound); "perhaps you won't let *me* go."

Horn was not so mad as that, but drew aside; and they all trooped out into the moonlight. He yearned to take his sword and fall upon the lot of them, and (though they little guessed it) was not very far from doing it, too. He contented himself, however, with slamming the door upon them.

"Nice, gentlemanly, agreeable young man—a most abominable cub, I call him," he heard the captain say as he passed by the window.

"I've bled him for once," responded the ensign, cheerfully.

He *had* bled him. Horn was gnashing his teeth over the list of his losses, when another document attracted his attention. It was the letter from his father which he had stuck on the mantel-piece that morning, unread. Now he tore it open savagely, as though he did not care what was in it: what were scoldings and peevish remonstrances about past expenditure compared with such ill luck as had befallen him that evening! The note, however, contained neither scolding nor remonstrance, and yet what it did say affected him far worse than his *I O U*'s. His surprise and disgust for the moment overwhelmed him; his lips became pale and pinched, and he breathed hard through his set teeth. Then, with a violent execration, he seized his cap, and hurried out to the mess-room.

"Is the colonel here?" asked he of one who was smoking in the porch.

"Yes; though he would have been off long ago had not old Pottinger fallen asleep three times over the cards."

The colonel, a hale, fresh-colored veteran, with good gray eyes, was just shaking hands with old Pottinger—the guest of the evening. The party was evidently breaking up.

Horn stood outside, biting his mustache impatiently, and waiting for his chief. At last he came, struggling into his cloak, and evidently in a great hurry to get home.

"Hollo! what do *you* want?" It was plain Lieutenant Winthrop was not one of the colonel's pets. "Not leave, I trust, at this time of night?"

"Yes, if you please, Sir, leave."

The veteran laughed contemptuously, and walked hastily on, followed by Horn, as a political economist of the street is haunted by a beggar.

"It is most urgent private affairs, Sir."

"You be hanged" (and worse), said the colonel. He also had had his losses, amounting to nineteen shillings and sixpence, and had been kept up beyond his time by a foolish old fogy. "I don't want to hear any more of your dead aunts."

This was a reference, in rather plain terms, to a habit which Lieutenant Winthrop had of evolving dead aunts out of his moral consciousness—or want of conscientiousness—whenever he wanted leave.

"It's worse than that, Sir, this time; and, upon my soul, it's true," pleaded the young gentleman, earnestly.

"What *is* it, then?" asked the colonel, stopping short, but speaking with great irritation. "But I can't believe your word, Sir; and that's a fact."

Horn drew his father's letter from his pocket, and put it into the colonel's hand. The moon was bright, and the old man's eyes were clear and sharp enough to decipher the contents. When he had done so, "By Jove!" said he; "that *is* the deuce and all. So your father's going to marry again, is he?"

"So he says, Sir, and wishes me to be present."

"She's quite a young girl, of course. How can he be such a fool? How old is he?"

"He is barely five-and-forty, Sir."

"O Lord! I don't wonder you look down in the mouth. Very good; you may have your week's leave." And off he strode to his quarters.

In half an hour Lieutenant Horn Winthrop, accompanied by Murk, his man, and Fang, his dog, was driving through the dark lines of the camp, upon his road to Brackmere.

THE GERMANS IN PARIS.

We give several illustrations this week which will give our readers some idea of the state of affairs in Paris during the short time it was occupied by the Germans, and the temper exhibited by the citizens toward the invaders. The Bavarians were quartered in the Palais de l'Industrie, and the Prussians in the Impériale. The spacious avenue of the Champs Elysées was filled with commissariat wagons laden with provisions for the army of occupation, and with provender for its cavalry. German troopers had picketed their horses in long lines between the trees; battalions of infantry had taken off their knapsacks, piled arms, exchanged their pointed helmets for caps, and were cooking their dinners among the withered remains of exotic shrubs. Here one stumbled up against a battery of frowning artillery, there against an officer going his rounds. Strange vehicles, with wretched horses and harness, were conveying hither and thither strange-looking men, with fair beards and porcelain pipes. Now and then one came across a group of officers sitting basking in the sun. At many of the doors of the houses were small, anxious crowds, and up the side streets might be seen soldiers, on foot and on horseback, looking for their lodgings with the deliberation peculiar to the German. Others were preparing, when night came, to bivouac in the open air. On the benches by the side of the road were seated some of the invaders, in groups of twos and threes, chatting and smoking their pipes, and ready to chaff any French man or woman who might be willing to converse. Soon they became centres of animated crowds; and whenever one saw forty or fifty crammed together in a circle, one might be sure that Hans or Fritz was the centre of it. Meantime cavalry were scampering to and fro; the main body of the infantry had stacked their arms opposite the Palace of Industry, and were told off in small squads. The windows of the houses on each side of the road were closed. All the cafés were closed, and no person of the upper classes was to be seen. There were several quarrels between the Germans and the Parisians; more than one of the former were hustled and assaulted. Englishmen, too, and even French persons, were ill-treated for speaking to the Germans. One of the illustrations on our first page shows such a disgraceful incident. Some German soldiers asked their way from a young gentleman, who naturally replied with courtesy, and gave the required information. A few blouses were watching, and when the soldiers were at a safe distance they sprang on the unfortunate individual who had been so good-humored as to answer the German inquiries. He was assailed with blows and knocked down. When he was on the ground a ruffian in a blue blouse deliberately leaped upon his body and trampled on him. It was a wonder that the poor fellow escaped with his life.

The sketch on page 336, entitled "Waiting for a Passage," illustrates an incident which occurred during the entry of the Germans. At the Arc de Triomphe some confusion was caused by the junction of two lines of infantry, and a halt was ordered. Some of the troops diverged down the by-streets, and sat down upon the pavement to rest themselves, while the citizens gathered and curiously watched them. Two artists, who were sketching the scene, were mistaken for Germans, and narrowly escaped rough treatment by the excited and thoughtless crowd.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Quaker lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress as follows: "Hum! Yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone." "Hum! Truly, Obadiah, thou hast wisely said. Inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for man to be alone, lo! I will sojourn with thee."

Sleighing all day is said to be killing time.

One Meek, in Oregon, an old hunter, conversing with an English traveler, the John Bull finally asked, "Why, Sir, you must have lived here a long time?" To this Meek replied, "I have, Sir; you may well say that." Pointing to Mount Hood, said he to the Englishman: "Do you see that mountain? Well, Sir, when I first came to this country that mountain was a hole in the ground."

A Vessel of Wrath—A man-of-war.

A young lady said a pretty good thing the other evening. She has many admirers among the limbs of the law, and, on being asked how she escaped heart-whole, supposed it was owing to the fact that "in a multitude of *counselors* there is safety."

"Going out with the Tied"—Accompanying the bridal party out of church.

The "Little Church around the Corner" is so popular in Chicago that a man has written a waltz on the subject, and a patent medicine man has invented a "Little Church around the Corner Cathartic Pill."

Keeping Lent—The newest umbrella.

A young man wants to know what business he had better go into that will enable him to occupy a high position in society. Let him try the roofing business. In that trade a smart man will soon get to the top of the ladder.

Forgers to be Encouraged—Blacksmiths.

A young miss, in a Seekonk school, in a recitation in geography, informed her astonished teacher that "the mammoth caravan in Kentucky is the greatest living curiosity, and has been exploded ten miles from its mouth."

A Hint to the Benevolent—To alms!

An Irish editor congratulates himself that "half the lies told about him ain't true."

"Mother," said little Johnny, running into the house one afternoon, when the thunder was sounding heavily, "it's going to rain, for don't you hear the pumps going?"

Here, under the title of "The Pump," is an old story with a modern application:

Like rifts of sunshine her tresses
 Waved over her shoulders bare,
And she flitted as light o'er the meadows
 As an angel in the air.

"Oh, maid of the country, rest thee
 This village pump beside;
And here thou shalt fill thy pitcher,
 Like Rebecca, the well beside!"

But a voice by yonder window
 Through my shuddering senses ran,
And these were its words: "Maria-r!
 Ma-ria-r! don't mind that man!"

We hear people spoken of as "sponges," "tremendous sponges!" Ha! ha! it isn't water they absorb though: any thing but it!

A contented mind is a continual feast; yes, perhaps; but there are men—gastrophilistic parties—who read it, that a continual feast is the best way of getting a contented mind.

A Slow Set—A hen's set.

Rochester is distracted through the columns of its papers over arithmetical problems. Here is the latest: If one hundred yards of cord be wound in single coil upon an upright post an inch in diameter, what time will it take a man to unwind it, he holding one end in his hand and traveling in a circle whose radius is the unwound cord, supposing he walks four miles an hour, and what is the length of ground walked over?

A Rush Light—The Comet.

An Unpleasant Sort of Arithmetic—Divisions among families.

"Fellow-trabelers," said a "cullud" preacher, "ef I had been etin' dried apples for a week, an' den took to drinkin' for a monf, I coodn't feel more swell'd up dan I am dis minnit wid pride and wanity at seein' sich full 'tendance har dis evenin'."

A Light Heart—The deuce.

An old lady, who was sharply questioned the other day in court by an angry lawyer, remarked, on leaving the witness stand, that she now understood what is meant by a cross-examination.

The Worst Thing in Hair—Rats.

An absent-minded Indianian who started out after his cow found the cow-bell in the middle of the road, and, pocketing it, followed its tinkling for twenty miles before he remembered that it was not on the cow's neck.

A bachelor friend compares a shirt-button to life, because it so often hangs by a thread.

A profane fellow in Maine has invented a darning machine.

That woman was a philosopher who, when she lost her husband, said she had one great consolation—she knew where he was o' nights!

HON. ROBERT C. HUTCHINGS.

THE Hon. ROBERT C. HUTCHINGS, Surrogate of the City and County of New York, is the youngest man who has held that office in the city or State, being now only thirty-three years of age. He is a native of this city, and comes of good Knickerbocker stock. His collegiate education was pursued at Princeton, where he graduated in the class of 1858. After leaving college he passed some eighteen months in the study of the civil law, in Paris, and at the same time acted as correspondent of one of the leading journals of this city during the Italian war. Returning to the United States in the autumn of 1859, he entered an advanced class in Columbia College Law School, graduating in 1860, and taking the valedictory. In 1861 he was elected to the Legislature, and re-elected in 1863. During the session of 1861 came news of the firing on Fort Sumter, and Mr. HUTCHINGS was the first Democrat in the Assembly who made a speech in favor of crushing the rebellion. At the close of the session of 1863 he was appointed first assistant in the District-Attorney's office, and continued in that position until January, 1870. During his official career of seven years several of the principal capital causes that occurred during that time were tried by him. The ability displayed in the Legislature, and as a prosecuting officer, together with his high personal character, led to his nomination for Surrogate, to which he was elected in 1869, by a majority larger than was cast for any candidate at that election. During the brief period of his incumbency several wills have been contested before him where the property involved has been very large—notably among them the ALEXANDER case, the HERTZEL case, the KENNEDY case, and, more important—indeed, one of the most important ever contested in the United States—the JAMES B. TAYLOR case. In each his rulings and decisions have met the public expectation and approval.

The office of Surrogate of the City of New York is one of the first magnitude and importance. It has ultimately to adjudicate upon the property of every person who deceases within its jurisdiction. Satisfactorily to meet its high requirements demands probity, sound judgment, and legal acumen of the first order. It is to the credit of the present incumbent that thus far his course has merited and received the public approbation, and that he gives promise of a reputation equal to that of the most distinguished of those who have preceded him in that office.

HON. ROBERT C. HUTCHINGS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE UNICORN.

AMONG the near kindred of the whale is the unicorn—not the companion of the lion on the English royal coat of arms, but its counterpart among the wonders of the deep. Inferior in size to the whale itself, it has the advantage of a most formidable weapon, with which Nature has provided it for as yet unknown purposes. This is the monstrous tooth which projects from the upper jaw of the animal; it is as large as a man's thigh at the base, turned in a spiral, and sharply pointed at the end; hollow within, it shows externally the finest and whitest ivory known to the trade. The narwhal, or nose-whale, was so called because the Dutch, who seem to have had the christening of most quaint things in northern regions, at first took this horn, projecting straight ahead, ten or even fifteen feet, for a grotesque long nose. Some say the animal uses this odd appendage to pierce holes through the ice when he comes up to blow or breathe; others, that he mows off sea-weed with it, on which he grazes. There is no doubt that at times he transfixes fish with his gigantic stiletto, so that he may be able to devour them at leisure.

The legend has it, that a king of Denmark, wishing to make somebody a present of a piece of the horn of the unicorn—for such it was long considered—ordered one of his high officials to cut off a piece at the thicker end of a fine specimen which he possessed. The officer did so, and, to his astonishment, found that what he had looked upon as a solid horn was hollow, and in the concavity he discovered a smaller horn of the same shape and the same substance. The latter was about a foot long, and this resemblance to the teeth of men first led, it is thought, to the idea that the unicorn might, after all, be nothing more than a gigantic tooth. In those days, however, the superstitious people attached marvelous powers to the wonderful horn, and a brisk trade was carried on in fine specimens, and even in broken fragments.

The male alone possesses this formidable weapon, the female having, instead, two small teeth, of little use for purposes of attack or defense. In the male, however, one of those two is disproportionately developed, while the other remains either of diminutive size, or disappears gradually altogether; very much as is the case with the claws of certain crustacea. At first sight, it would appear as if this giant of the seas, with his terrible sword, would be the terror of the seas, killing and devouring all that came near him. In reality, however, the narwhal is a very harmless animal, and generally his own enemy more than that of others. His mouth has no teeth, and immovable lips, and is so small that he can swallow little else but mollusks and little fish; and Scoresby, who found in the stomach of one of these strange beings a ray of two feet in length, came to the conclusion that the fish must have been first transfixed by the tooth, and killed before it was devoured. Otherwise it would have been difficult to understand how an active fish should have allowed itself to be caught by an animal unable to seize it with the lips or retain it with the tongue, and in a mouth which had not even teeth to tear it to pieces.

Their swiftness, when they are alone, is marvelous; and their capture would be almost impossible, if it were not for the curious habit they have of traveling in immense troops, and of taking refuge in little bays, from which they can not easily escape. Small boats approach them, in such cases, with precaution; the poor animals begin to crowd upon each other, they press their ranks so closely that soon their movements are impeded, and their enormous weapons become interlaced, as each one tries to raise the head high into the air. They can neither escape nor defend themselves, and thus fall an easy prey to the lances of the whalemen.

Scoresby thus once encountered, on his voyage to Greenland, a troop of narwhals, divided into smaller bands of fifteen or twenty. The males were far more numerous than the females. They seemed to be full of sportive gayety, raising their huge weapons high above the water, crossing them with each other, and uttering a sound as if they were gurgling water in their throats, while they seemed to amuse themselves with the play of the rudder in the water. At other times, however, they are known to be in a very different humor, and then they attack and sometimes pierce large whales. It is doubtful whether their efforts against vessels arise from ill humor and pugnacity only, or from an idea that the ships are large whales. Like the bees, the poor narwhals also generally seal their own doom when they make such attacks; for the enormous tooth, driven with prodigious force into the timber, remains fast there, and, breaking off, causes the death of the ferocious animal. At times, when he has driven it in right at the stern, the poor creature itself is fastened to the ship and towed along, until it dies and decomposes, to the great disgust of the sailors, who see their course impeded and their senses insulted without any profit.

In the Paris museum there is a complete skeleton of a magnificent narwhal, with a tooth of amazing size. The marine monster here shows how exquisitely it is adapted to the element for which the hand of the Creator had fashioned it, and no one, on seeing the slender, flexible form, can doubt its far-famed agility and terrible strength.

The Greenlanders eat the flesh, and obtain from the fat an oil second only to the best sperm-oil. But it is the tooth, after all, which has made the narwhal at all times one of the wonders of the deep. Long before the animal itself was known, the tooth was familiar to traders as the horn of the unicorn. The monastery of St. Denis possessed a pair of these remarkable weapons, famous for their size and the beauty of the ivory; they are now in the Medical Museum of Paris. A larger one, nearly nine feet long, exists in the treasury of the Danish monarch, at Fredericksborg.

When they were not kept thus, as most rare curiosities—the unicorn itself having, of course, never been seen—they were manufactured into weapons of every kind, swords and daggers. But they were also endowed, in popular belief, with a wondrous power of counteracting all poisons; and their mere presence, it was thought, sufficed to defeat any attempt at poisoning the owner. Down to the days of the French king, Charles IX., a piece of the precious substance was regularly dipped into the cup of the monarch before he drank; and when the great founder of modern surgery, Ambroise Peré, was requested to raise his voice against the superstition, he replied that the belief was universal; and if he ventured to contradict it he would be treated like an owl appearing in bright daylight, which the other birds fall upon and kill, and then think no more of the murdered victim. Nevertheless, he subsequently wrote openly against the custom, and with so much skill and power that after that time no one dared avow his secret faith in the virtue of the unicorn's horn as an antidote.

Wormius, a celebrated Danish physician, was the first to establish the true character of the strange curiosity. "Finding myself," he writes, "a few years ago, at the house of Mr. Fris, Grand Chancellor of Denmark, I complained of the want of curiosity in our Greenland merchants, that they should never have inquired after the animal from whom these horns were obtained, or brought home a part of their skin, at least. 'They are more curious than you think,' replied the Chancellor, and let me see a skull of immense size, to which a portion of a so-called horn was attached. I was delighted to see so rare and so precious a thing. I saw at a glance that the skull resembled that of a whale, and had, like the latter, two blow-holes on top, which opened into the mouth. I also noticed that what was called a horn was inserted in the left side of the upper jaw-bone. Having learned that a similar animal had been captured and carried to Iceland, I wrote at once to the Bishop of Holl, who had been my pupil, and requested him to send me a drawing of the same. He did this promptly, adding that the Icelanders called it narwhal, which means a whale that feeds on corpses, since whal means a whale, and nar a corpse."

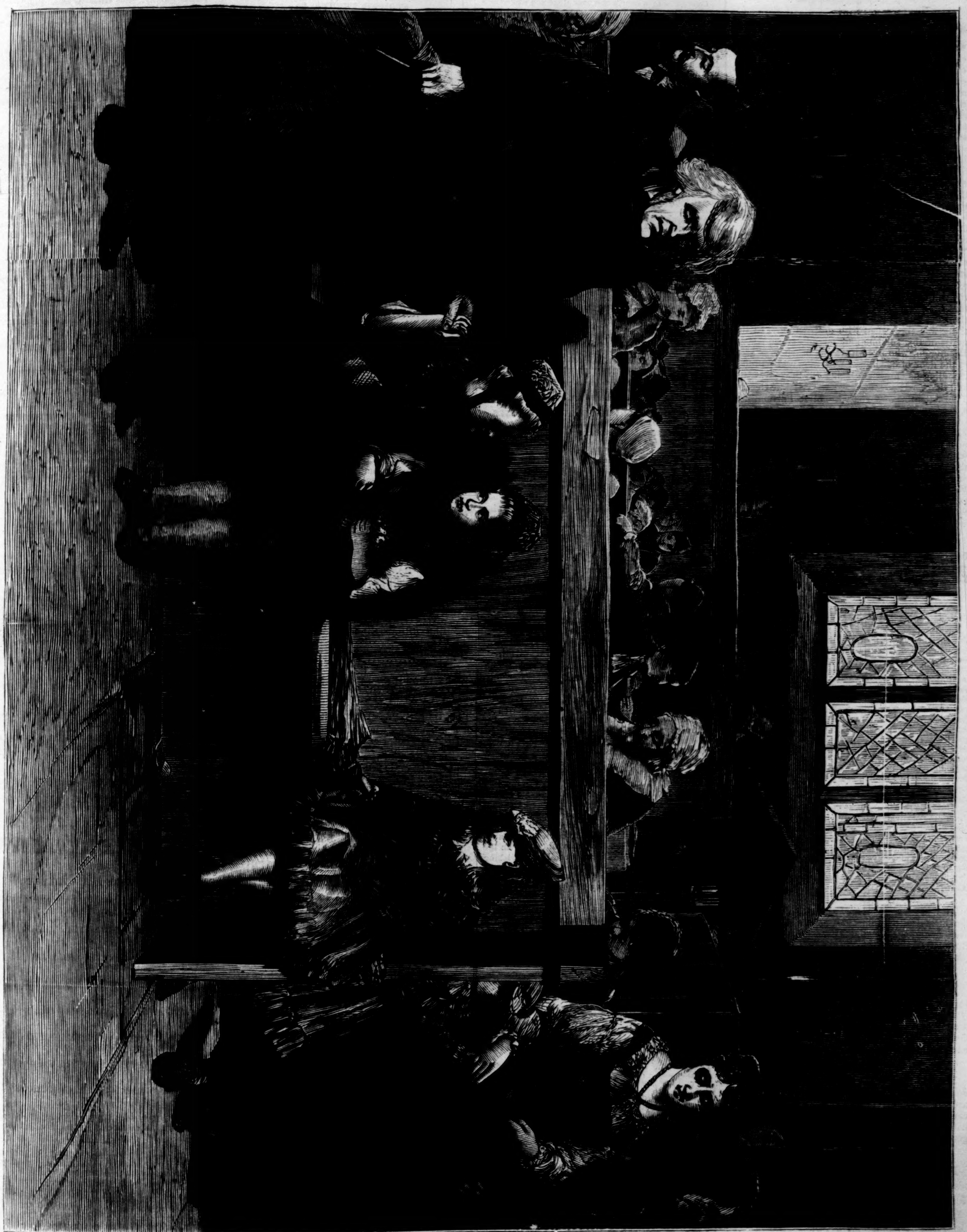
It was, however, a fact that the Greenland Company purposely defeated all efforts to obtain an animal of this kind, as the fictitious value of a horn of the unicorn was far more profitable to their treasury than the tooth of a narwhal. In 1636 two of their vessels had brought some fine horns from the natives in Davis Straits, which they had been compelled to winter. Some time afterward one of their agents went to Russia, and offered to sell the Czar Alexis, the father of Peter the Great, two of these precious curiosities, as veritable horns of that unicorn which is mentioned in Holy Writ, and spoken of by Aristotle and Pliny. Alexis admired them very much, and actually offered the enormous sum of six thousand dollars for the finest; but before concluding the bargain he proposed to consult his physician. This man was learned and experienced enough to examine them properly, and he soon discovered, from their structure, that they were teeth, and not horns. The czar dismissed the agent, who returned crestfallen to Copenhagen, and received for his consolation the sneering question, why he had not first offered two or three hundred ducats to the physician, who would then have seen as many horns of the unicorn as he could have wished?

Thus, as in the case of the whale, the ignorance of people in early times gave rise to amazing exaggerations in respect to the narwhal, which later science has dispelled, though the old superstition still lingers among certain classes.

"LES ÉTRANGERS."

Of late years there has been a gradual migration of Scottish artists to London, and the result has been a gain, so far as London is concerned. It would not, perhaps, be correct to say that all these gentlemen belong to a definite school, although there are certain peculiarities of manipulation in some of their works which entitle them to this distinction. Others have independent methods of their own, following no man's devices, and Mr. Macbeth is one of those who seem disposed to resist the fascination of the free, vigorous, and apparently easy style which has inthralled so many. One property he, as well, we are happy to say, as most of the rising artists of the day, has in common with the Scottish school—he paints firmly and solidly, which does not necessarily mean thickly and heavily. Much modern water-color art is enough to make the old advocates of transparent color turn in their graves, and we have more than once seen the free use of body color imputed to those who never use it, simply because artists have now learned the art of adding strength to the other beauties of water-color painting, while yet retaining the delicacy and brilliancy of the older style.

"Les Etrangers," which we publish this week, was exhibited by Mr. Macbeth in England last year. The expression of hesitation and awkward timidity in the two little girls is happily caught, as well as the ease of the more aristocratic young lady, who eyes the villagers with well-bred indifference. The quaint dresses of the German children and the nurse form a picturesque contrast to the more every-day garments of the other children.



LES ÉTRANGERS.—[From a Painting by R. W. Macbeth.]

DIFFUSION OF GOLD.

From immemorial time gold has generally been found in small particles, with occasional nuggets, varying from the size of a pea to masses weighing many pounds. The largest on record was brought to light in Australia recently, by a pickaxe, lying in loose earth, which was worth over £9000 sterling, and shared between two laborers. Every grain of gold has the appearance of having been rasped off from somewhere, or rather rubbed off, as though a heavy stone had been drawn over it. If the particles are smooth, they have been made so by rolling in sand by the action of running water.

It seems, from the appearance of the large nuggets and irregular-shaped pieces of such great value as sometimes are found, that somewhere there must be a great body of solid gold, from which these wandering fragments were torn off by violence, and swept away by nature's strongest transporting agent, rushing torrents. Whether the great bodies, or boulders, of solid gold are very low down in the earth, or lie in the concealed centres of auriferous mountain ranges, is the question. By being generally associated with quartz rock, it is quite probable some lucky miner may incidentally pounce upon some one of the nuclei from whence the precious dust has been slowly creeping off for an unmeasured duration of ages, to delude explorers, as it were, to prevent them from finding the world's wealth in an instant.

Wise as gold-seekers assume to be—and they are deserving of credit for extraordinary tact and indomitable industry in the pursuit of gold

deposits—there is something more to learn, and astounding discoveries to be made, which will make it plain that our present knowledge in regard to this matter is both limited and elementary. There is in this idea of the probable existence somewhere, and in some get-at-able place, of mountains of gold, something to stimulate American miners to bolder enterprises to discover its hidden localities.

Mrs. PARTINGTON.

The names of certain great characters are so well known to fame that often little or nothing else is known about them. Homer is in danger of having been born in seven different places at once. Shakspeare's early history is equally unauthoritative. Nobody really knows who old Parr was—some skeptical people believing that, after all, he was only some old humbug, who pretended to be a great deal older than he really was. And who was Mrs. Partington? The old lady's maltreatment of the English language is proverbial. It may not be uninteresting, then, to know something of the old lady herself. The original Mrs. Partington was a respectable old lady, living in Sidmouth, in Devonshire. Her cottage was on the beach; and the incident on which her fame is based is best told in a passage from the speech of Sydney Smith at Taunton, in the year 1831, on the Lords' rejection of the Reform bill: "The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest." This speech is reprinted in the collected edition of Sydney Smith's works; and as this is, we believe, the first time of Mrs. Partington's name being mentioned, the immortality she has earned must be set down as due to Sydney Smith.

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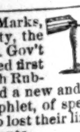

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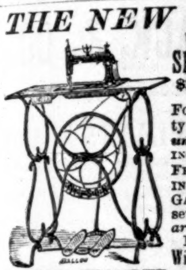

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JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY S. C. HALL.

GENTLE, suave, and tender in look and manner, with very little outward development of power, but with an aspect that indicated a sensitive and generous soul, was the poet, JAMES MONTGOMERY, when I knew him in 1830. His early associateship with the sect called the "Moravian Brethren" had probably given a tinge of melancholy to his mind, for so he always seemed to me, and so, I believe, he seemed to others.

It matters little whether he was or was not a descendant of that ancient family whose name is renowned in three kingdoms, and who "came in with the Conqueror:" he had a higher boast, that he was

"The son of parents passed into the skies."

His father was the Rev. John Montgomery, who had been appointed to the pastoral charge of a small congregation of the "United (Moravian) Brethren," at Irvine, a sea-port in Ayrshire; and on the 4th of November, 1771, the poet was there born. His father and mother were both Irish, and of Irish descent. He was himself, therefore, more than half Irish—as he said to his friend, John Holland, having "barely escaped being born in Ireland"—entering the world a few weeks after the arrival of his mother at Irvine, and returning with her to Ireland four years and a half after his birth. He received his earliest lessons at Grace Hill, in the county of Antrim, from a genuine Irish school-master—"one Neddy McKaffery"—and was educated at the Moravian Settlement, Fulneck, about six miles from Leeds, his parents having removed to the island of Barbadoes, as "missionaries among the negro slaves." His mother died at Tobago in 1790, and his father at Barbadoes in 1791. The mission was very unfortunate. The good man, in his hopelessness, exclaimed, "Oh that I knew one soul in Tobago truly concerned for his salvation, how should I rejoice!" They pursued their vocation, none the less; doing, as far as they could, the work of their Master, amid privations and sufferings, literally unto death. Thus wrote their poet-son:

"Beneath the lion star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep;
And when the sun's noon glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves."

During his long life, James Montgomery paid but one visit to the land in which he was born. It is, therefore, absurd to describe him as a Scotchman; to all intents and purposes he was, as he himself said he had nearly been, an Irishman; for it is certain that the native country of a man is not determined by the accident of birth, otherwise some of the most renowned Englishmen must be treated as Frenchmen or Spaniards. A man loses no civil rights, as a British subject, by being born in a foreign state, nor does he, by such "mischance," acquire any of the privileges to which, as a native of such state, he would be entitled.

In 1830, when Mr. Everett, one of Montgomery's biographers, visited Grace Hill, a nephew and two aunts of the poet were "residents" there. Probably some of the family live there still. Montgomery himself visited Grace Hill in 1842. He had retained a vivid recollection of the place, and the several objects and incidents associated with it.

When Montgomery visited Irvine, where he was formally welcomed by the authorities with the respect due to one whose genius and virtues had done honor to the burgh, the little chapel in which his father had preached was no longer used as a sanctuary. It then contained four or five looms; yet he had a strong memory of the place, and was deeply touched by the visit—"its bridge, its river, its street-aspect, and its rural landscape, with sea-glimpses between." His memory of Grace Hill was necessarily more clear and strong, but he had evidently no special attachment to either. He was in effect, though not in fact, a native of Sheffield.

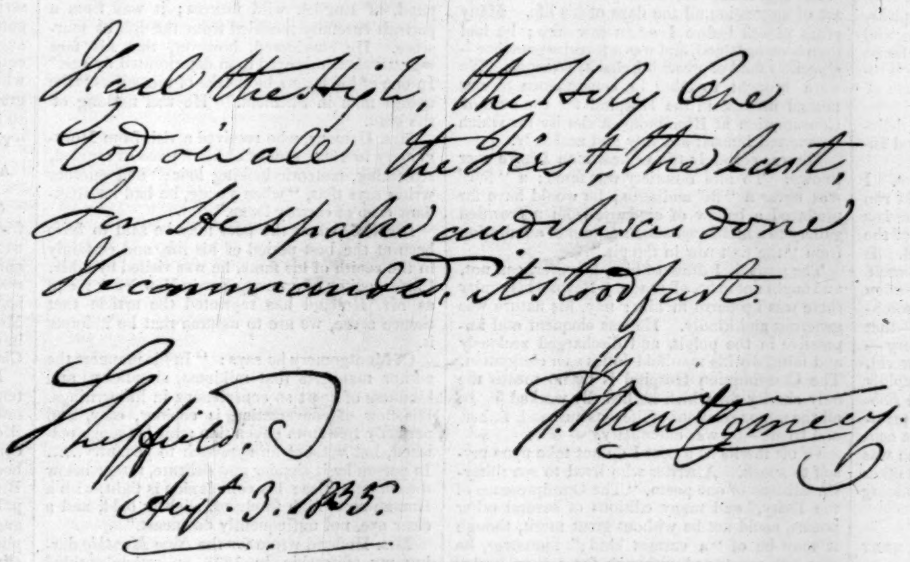
Fulneck, a few miles from Leeds, was, and is, not only a settlement, but may be called a college, of the Moravians. Montgomery became a scholar there in 1777, the design of his parents being to educate him for the ministry. It must have been a dolorous place, according to the vivid description of William Howitt, though others have spoken of it differently. No doubt in 1777 it was far less dismal than it is in 1870, when huge chimneys stretch up to the sky, clouds are intercepted by smoke, and a perpetual din of the hammer drowns the song of birds—if any remain to sing.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

But in its best time little of the more striking aspects of beautiful nature could have been without the walls; while within, the Fathers and "Brethren" sought by precept and example to close the outer world to the eyes and hearts of the neophytes. Such a locality, and such a system, would have dried up the living fountain that issued from the heart even of great Wordsworth. True, something must be conceded to systematic education, but a worse home in which to educate a poet can hardly be conceived.* Neither was Montgomery much better off when in after-life his Parnassus was the close street called "Hartshead," or even "The Mount," at Sheffield—the world's factory of steel and iron.

No doubt, in his poetry, his narrow sectarianism was a serious trammel. He could never give full vent to fancy; imagination was not permitted to body forth the forms of things unknown; inventions were stigmatized as falsehoods; and fiction was a convicted crime. The fine frenzy of the poet was, therefore, a sin against the brotherhood; and themes in which happier "makers" revelled were excluded from entries in his book of life. Montgomery was not heard in protest against this untoward fate, although he does complain that he had been often compelled to sacrifice brilliant forms of expression, which, whatever admiration they may have won from many readers, were "incompatible with Christian verity."

Montgomery's promise of the future was not such as to justify the hopes of the Directors at Fulneck: the ministry was not to be his lot. Little did the good Fathers foresee that the rejected was to become a mightier teacher—more powerful to influence the hearts and minds of humankind—than the whole of the students put together whom Fulneck was rearing to become missionaries throughout the world; that the silent, unsocial, and seemingly indolent lad whom, hopeless of better things, they consigned to the counter of a small shopkeeper at Wath, was destined to make their gentle faith reverenced to the uttermost parts of earth, among the millions upon millions who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue.



FAC-SIMILE OF JAMES MONTGOMERY'S HANDWRITING.

Neither was shop-thralldom for him; he threw off the shackles they had placed on his soul. Considering himself free (as he was not under indentures) to act for himself, he set forth "to seek his fortune," but almost penniless, and without a guide; nay, not without a guide, for the Master he was to serve as the "Christian poet" of a future was at his side. After a brief sojourn with the shopkeeper at Wath and a bookseller in London, he was conducted to the proverbially unpoetic and intellectually unfruitful town of Sheffield, where the whole of his after-life was passed from the age of twenty-one to that of eighty-three. To the "hard-handed" men in that capital of "toil and traffic" he brought a shining light. Assuredly he was led where he was most needed; and who shall say how far the gentle teachings and glad tidings of the Gospel, preached by him during so many years from the printing-press, and in so many "speeches," influenced a people, many of them then and always conspicuous for passionate, not to say reckless ardor? and who shall gauge the influence of the Christian poet in counterbalancing the dangerous efforts of a fierce democratic power that soon obtained ascendency in that stirring and energetic town?—the one poet uttering curses loud and deep against a tax-fed aristocracy;* the other breathing gently in his prose and verse, and illustrating, by his example, the merciful teachings of the suffering yet ever-considerate Saviour.

Yes, the pulpit of James Montgomery was the wide, wide world, and his congregation the whole of humankind.

Moreover, he was unfitted for the ministry by "constitutional indolence"—he might have said, excessive sensibility. Of himself he writes, so early as 1794, "I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy." "I who am always asleep when I ought to be working."

But Montgomery had, in reality, "no vocation for the pulpit," and it is not unlikely that the austerity of Fulneck School rendered a prospect of the ministry distasteful to him; at any rate, the rebound of his spirit, when breaking away from his religious teachers, took a different direction. His destiny was to be, not a man of peace, but a man of war—with the pen, that is to say. Very early in life he launched his fragile, if not "frail" bark on the stormy sea of Politics. His youth and his earlier manhood were expended in the party contests of a provincial town, although his large mind and high soul dealt occasionally with the loftier topics that concern humanity. No doubt, in the main and for a time, he

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind."

In 1794 Montgomery commenced to publish in Sheffield the *Iris* newspaper, passing in a few short months from "a seclusion almost equal to that of the cloister," to what was then one of the most responsible and perilous stations in active life—that of "a newspaper publisher, politician, and patriot"—exhibiting, as if in proof of Dr. Johnson's notable averment, "something of that indistinct and headstrong ardor for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward."

On the 4th of July the first number appeared. He had soon to endure the pains and penalties consequent on his position. In October, 1794, he was prosecuted for printing "a patriotic song by a clergyman of Belfast." The passage that was pronounced "libelous" by the sapient justices who tried the case was this:

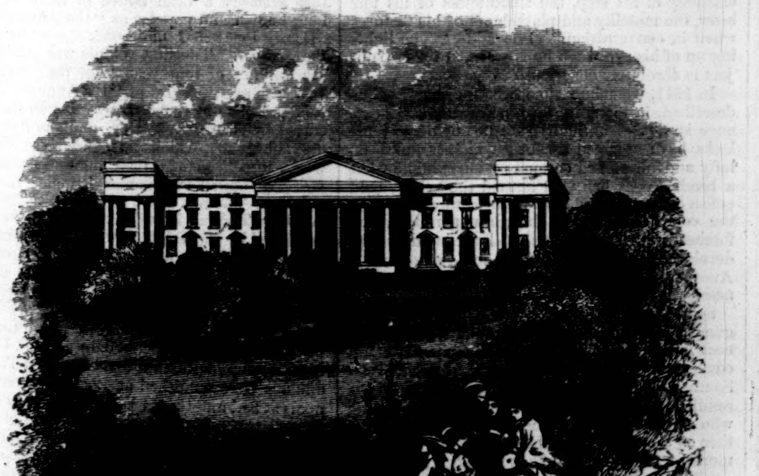
"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends;
Most important its issue will be;
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends;
If she triumphs, the world will be free."

The verses were written by a Mr. Scott, of Dromore, and were sung at a festival in Belfast, to commemorate the destruction of the Bastile; and they had been printed in various newspapers (among others, the *Morning Chronicle*) a year before Montgomery was prosecuted for reprinting them for a ballad-hawker; for which he received, as a printer, the sum of eighteen-pence. It bore internal evidence that he was not the writer—indeed that was not charged against him; yet he was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and to pay a fine of £20.

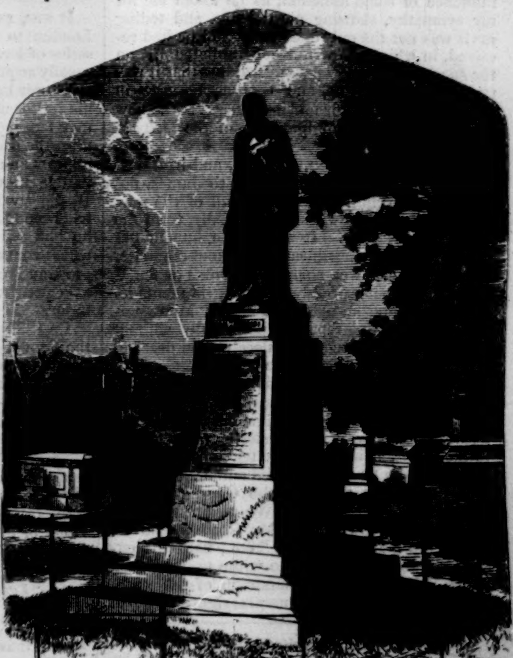
Not long afterward (in 1796) he was a second time tried, convicted, and imprisoned for libel. It was for printing in his newspaper what he considered a true statement of facts concerning a riot that had taken place at Sheffield, in which several lives were lost.* He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of £60.

Again, therefore, to quote his own words, "he kept house in York Castle."

In a letter I received from him in 1837 he thus alludes to himself: "The disappointment of my premature poetical hopes brought a blight with it which my mind has never recovered. For many years I was as mute as a moulting bird, and when the power of song returned, it was



THE MOUNT, AT SHEFFIELD—MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE.



THE TOMB OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

* One of the Moravian pastors asks Montgomery, in a letter from Fulneck, "Do you yourself ascribe your tendency to depression of spirits to your mode of education here?" There appears to have been no answer to the question.

* Ebenezer Elliott.

* When, in 1796, Coleridge was canvassing for subscribers to the *Watchman*, he declined to make any efforts in Sheffield, "lest he should injure the sale of the *Iris*," "the Editor of which is a very amiable and ingenious young man of the name of James Montgomery."

without the energy, self-confidence, and freedom which happier minstrels among my contemporaries have manifested, and have owed much of their success to such inspiration from their own conscious talents."*

No doubt much of this state of mind resulted from the severity of criticism dealt out to him; it acted on a naturally sensitive nature and a delicate constitution, and had the effect it was probably designed to produce. Take, for example, the following passages from the *Edinburgh Review*—January, 1807—where Montgomery was cried down (!) as "intoxicated with weak tea, and the praises of sentimental ensigns, and other provincial literati;" "a writer of middling verses," whose readers were "half-educated women, sickly tradesmen, and enamored apprentices;" a "most musical and melancholy gentleman," "very weakly, very finical, and very affected;" the review ending with a prophecy that "in less than three years no one will know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' or any of the other poems" of James Montgomery! Such was the judgment of Francis Jeffrey. How righteously true, how glorious in its fulfillment, was the prophecy put forth in 1807—the fulfillment which Jeffrey, the writer, lived to witness so long afterward as 1856!

In 1825 he retired from the *Iris*. On the 27th of September of that year appeared the last number of that journal with the imprint of James Montgomery.† His fellow-townsmen received him at a public dinner, at which Earl Fitzwilliam presided; persons of all political opinions attended to do him honor, acknowledging his services to humanity, the gentleness with which he had done his "spiriting," the blameless tenor of his life, the suavity of his manners, and the firmness of his character—that as a public journalist he had honored and dignified the Press of his country.

And throughout the kingdom that opinion there was none to gainsay. Thenceforward he entirely abstained from political writing; and his biographer says that, in 1837, "his opinions had become, in the main, very similar to those now indicated by the term conservative."

On retiring from business Montgomery left the premises in the Hartshead, where he had so long resided, and went to live at The Mount, a pleasant situation about a mile outside the town, and overlooking the valley of the Sheaf. The house occupied by the poet was one of eight, which together form a handsome and imposing pile of building.

In 1830 Montgomery was in London to deliver lectures on English Literature at the Royal Institution.

It was then he visited us—in Sloane Street. I had seen him once before, during a rapid run through Sheffield, when I had a brief interview with him, seated, *ex cathedrâ*, in the office of the *Iris*, in the dingy locality before mentioned. It was in that year, while he was contenting himself with the production of occasional verses—often commemorating the worth of the departed, soothing sorrow, and arousing hope in survivors—that another Montgomery—Robert Montgomery—claimed and obtained the suffrages of the world. The "Omnipresence of the Deity" rapidly passed through seven or eight editions, and *Robert* gave, in a year, more employment to the printers than *James* had found for them in half a century of work. Yet surely, while the one was pure gold—thrice tried in the furnace—the other was, by comparison, "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

Some notes concerning ROBERT MONTGOMERY may not be unacceptable to my readers.

I remember *James* Montgomery calling upon me soon after the work of his namesake appeared, and became at once "famous." His mind seemed much unsettled, and he spoke as if under the influence of some affliction, as he asked me for my sympathy, showing me a letter, and telling me it was not the only one of the kind he had received, in which the writer congratulated *him* on the success of his new poem, "adding that it was undoubtedly his best, and that as he grew in years he grew in vigor and in beauty." The new poem was "The Omnipresence of the Deity!" by his namesake.

No doubt the sudden, extreme, and irrational popularity of Robert gave pain to James, not from envy certainly, but on account of the mistakes arising, not always undesignedly, from the similarity of names. It was not in human nature to bear such mortifications without umbrage. Whether Robert was *particeps criminis* or not, I can not say, but certainly the advertisements issued by his publisher—Maunder—of "Montgomery's new poem," repeated perpetually without any prefix, if not intended to deceive, did deceive, not the public alone, but the booksellers, and in some instances critics and reviewers. One speaker at a public meeting, James being present, alluded in terms highly complimentary to Robert's poem of "Women," as "rendering tardy honors to the sex," and in their name tendered thanks to James, whom he took to be its author.

A note to an article in the *Quarterly* which contained this passage, "We mean the poet Montgomery, and not the Mr. Gomery who assumed the affix of 'Mont,'" etc., naturally excited the ire of Robert, who wrote to James, indignantly denying the assumption of the name, which he affirmed was his natural right. To that letter James wrote a lengthened reply, in which he stated, "The worst that I wish to Mr. Robert Montgomery is, that some rich man would die and leave him a handsome estate, on condition that he should take the name of his benefactor;" but he did not conceal his vexation at the annoyances to which he had been subjected.*

I would not, however, seem to cast a slur upon the memory of the lesser, while lauding the greater, *Montgomery;* the suffrages of thousands have given to him a niche in the Temple of Fame, and if rated above his value as a *poet*, he was, at all events, a kindly man, a zealous clergyman, and a fervent Christian, to whose rare powers as a preacher some of our best charities are indebted for much of their means to lessen and relieve human suffering.

I think the exact particulars of his parentage have never been given: it is, however, believed his father's name was Montgomery,† but that he had dropped the aristocratic quarter of it, calling himself Gomery, and that Robert, in assuming it, did no more than he was entitled to do.

It was in 1825 or 1826 that Robert Montgomery brought me an introduction; I can not now say from whom. There came to spend an evening with me a somewhat handsome and rather "foppish" young man, tall and slight and gentlemanly, though assuming and exacting in manners. His object was to read to me a poem he had written, which he called "The Age Reviewed." It was full of sparkling "cleverness," but was a satire on the leading reviewers, poets, and authors of the day. The half-fledged sparrow was about to peck at the eagle's plumes. Names the most honored and reverenced in letters—some who were even then almost of the future—were treated with contumely and scorn; heroes in a hundred fights were to go down "before the gray goose-quill" of the boy-Goliath! His great prototype, Byron, was bitterly lamenting a wicked folly of the kind, but the intellectual giant had strength for the encounter, which this thoughtless youth had not. I listened as he read, and when he had finished I gave him serious and earnest counsel at once to put his poem into the fire beside which we were sitting. My advice was angrily rejected. Robert Montgomery published "The Age Reviewed,"‡ and lamented the wanton act of aggression all the days of his life. Many years passed before I again saw him; he had then been ordained, and was a favorite preacher—especially fond of preaching charity sermons. We were brought together in consequence of our mutual interest in the Hospital for the cure of Consumption at Brompton—a charity for which he exerted himself ardently and zealously.

He was certainly the vainest man I have ever known. To him notoriety was fame; a "few" was never a "fit" audience; he would have far preferred a bellow of applause from a crowded gallery to a half-suppressed murmur of admiration from "the first row in the pit."

The portrait I draw of him, however, can not, and ought not to be, all shade. Beyond his vanity there was no harm in him; nay, his nature was generous and kindly. He was eloquent and impressive in the pulpit, and discharged zealously and faithfully his manifold duties as a clergyman. The Consumption Hospital is by no means the only charity for which he heartily worked.§ In all the minor relations of life—as husband, father, and friend—he was exemplary.

Of his merits as a poet I do not take upon myself to speak. A writer who lived to see thirty-six editions of one poem, "The Omnipresence of the Deity," and many editions of several other poems, could not be without great merit, though it may be of "a certain kind;" moreover, he was not prostrated, although for a time hurled to the ground, by the memorable and terrific assault of Macaulay; and though he died comparatively young,‖ he had a position and achieved a triumph for which thousands labor in vain.

It was, as I have said, in 1830, when he visited London to deliver, at the Royal Institution, a series of lectures on poetry, that we became personally acquainted with James Montgomery. As a lecturer he can not be described as successful; his matter was of course good, but his manner, as may be supposed, lacked the power, the earnestness, the *conviction*, in a word, that rarely fail to impress an audience, and which often stand serviceable in the stead of aids more important.¶ Previously I had barely seen Montgomery, yet I had been in frequent correspondence with him, for he had written year after year for the *Amulet*, which contained some of his best compositions in prose and verse. I was, however, prepared to see a gentleman of calm, sedate, and impressive exterior.

In 1835 James Montgomery received one of the Crown pensions—a grant of £150 a year—the donor being Sir Robert Peel. It was one of the latest acts of the great statesman's government, for the day after the grant was made he ceased to be minister—for a time.

Montgomery was never married. His love verses have been variously interpreted. In a letter written when he was aged, he somewhat mysteriously alludes to his celibacy: "The secret is within myself, and it is on the way to the grave, from which no secret will be betrayed till the day of judgment."

The last time I saw Montgomery was during his one visit to the Exhibition in 1851; the venerable man was moving slowly about from stall to stall, examining, apparently with a dull and listless look, the beauties of manufactured art by which he was surrounded. His form was shrunk, he stooped somewhat, his once bright eye seemed glazed; he was, indeed, but the shadow of his former self; yet I was told he had brightened up into his old nature when, just before, he had been looking over the books in one hundred and sixty-five languages of parts of the Holy Scripture that England had printed as a benefaction to varied mankind. I had to recall myself to his memory, but when I did so I obtained a cordial greeting, that even to-day I remember, and record with gratitude and pleasure. As I left him I could not help repeating his lines—

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found."

I have said the personal appearance of Montgomery was not striking. The eye was the redeeming feature in an otherwise plain face. It was (or seemed to be) a clear, bright blue, outlooking and uplooking.*

In 1805 the sculptor Chantrey, "a young artist whose modesty and zeal for improvement are equal to his talents," *painted* a portrait of Montgomery. He was often painted: in 1827 by Jackson, R.A., whose portrait is perhaps the best. That by Illidge is good. Mr. Barber painted a full-length for the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Institution, where it now is, and where I have gladly seen it. But Montgomery said that of all his portraits there was not one he should like to see engraved. A faithful profile likeness of the "Christian Poet" appears on the bronze medal which is annually presented by the Sheffield School of Art for the most successful drawing, by any pupil, of English wild flowers; it was from a portrait carefully modeled from the life at fourscore. He considered, however, that his face was "rather improved than deteriorated by age." In one of his letters he speaks of himself as "the ugliest man in Sheffield." He was nothing of the kind.

Mrs. Hemans, who received a visit from Montgomery in 1828, speaks of his "mass of tangled, streaming, meteoric-looking hair;" and another writer says that, "when young, he had an abundant crop of carroty locks."

In 1825, when the poet may be said to have been at the best period of his life, and certainly in the zenith of his fame, he was visited by a Mr. Carter, editor of a newspaper in New York; and as Mr. Holland has reprinted the article that thence arose, we are to assume that he indorses it.

Of Montgomery he says: "In his manners the author manifests that mildness, simplicity, and kindness of heart so conspicuous in his writings. His flow of conversation is copious, easy, and perfectly free from affectation; his language polished, but without an approach to pedantry...... In person he is slender and delicate, rather below the common size; his complexion is light, with a Roman nose, high forehead, slightly bald, and a clear eye, not unfrequently downcast."

Mrs. Hofland wrote for the *New Monthly* during my editorship, in 1835, an article entitled "Sheffield and its Poets," in the course of which she thus describes Montgomery:

"He is the youngest man of his years I ever beheld, and at sixty years old might pass for thirty—such is the slightness of his figure, the elasticity of his step, the smoothness of his fair brow, the mobility and playfulness of his features when in conversation." She adds, "The lighting up of his eye when he is warmed by his subject is absolutely electrical."

In 1841, when he visited Scotland, he was thus described, in his sixty-fifth year: "His appearance speaks of antiquity, but not of decay; his locks have assumed a snowy whiteness, and the lofty and full-arched coronal region exhibits what a brother poet has well termed the 'clear, bald polish of the honored head;' the features are high, the complexion fresh, though not ruddy; the forehead rather compact than large, with amply-developed organs of ideality and veneration." Another authority says that the organ of "firmness" was deficient.

Searle, in his "Life of Elliott," describes Montgomery as "polished in his manners, exquisitely neat in his personal appearance, while his bland conversation rarely rose above a calm level." And Southey, in "The Doctor," thus refers to him—sending to the Christian poet the greeting of "one who admires thee as a poet, honors and respects thee as a man, and reaches out in spirit, at this moment, a long arm to shake hands with thee in cordial good-will." The two poets never met, the want of opportunity being often regretted by both. It is impossible to think of two men who would have enjoyed each other's company more heartily, frankly, and completely—frank, trustful, and conscientious as they both were.

Excellent William Howitt, who knew him and loved him well, likens him to the poet Cowper—"the same benevolence of heart, the same modesty of deportment, the same purity of life, the same attachment to literary pursuits, the same fondness for solitude and retirement from the public haunts of men; and, to complete the picture, the same ardent feeling in the cause of religion, and the same disposition to gloom and melancholy." And thus his brother poet pictures the man: "His person, which is rather below the middle stature, is neatly formed; his features have the general expression of simplicity and benevolence, rendered more interesting by a hue of melancholy that pervades them: when animated by conversation his eye is enormously brilliant, and his whole countenance is full of intelligence."

Montgomery had many acquaintances, and a few devoted friends. Foremost among them was John Holland, whom he more than once calls a "good man and true." He was the poet's loved and loving friend from a very early period, and to him (in conjunction with Mr. Everett) was assigned the duty of compiling the life of the poet. The task was discharged with sound judgment and nice discrimination, although with deep affection and abundant zeal.*

In 1854 the time of James Montgomery had come; warnings that the hour of his removal was near at hand had been mercifully sent to him some time previously; "the labor of composition made him ill;" yet his faculties were all sound, and though feeble, he was not bedridden. On the last evening of life he was out, and returned home "apparently as usual," but surprised his aged companion by handing her the Bible, and saying, "Sarah, *you* must read." She did so; he knelt down and prayed, retired to his room, and in the morning it was found that his spirit had gone home; the tabernacle of his body was without inhabitant; the soul was with the Master whose faithful servant he had been, and whose work he had so long and so well done. He entered into the joy of his Lord on the 30th of April, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Those who knew him loved him, and by all he was respected and esteemed. By the tenor of his life, as well as ever by his writings, he advanced the cause of religion; in example, as well as in precept, he was a true Christian gentleman.

A fitting monument was proposed for him at Sheffield, and John Bell made a worthy design. The estimated cost, however, was beyond the reach even of zealous friends, and after some time fruitlessly spent, the same artist made a new design, comprising a life-size statue of the poet in bronze, upon a granite pedestal, containing a prolix inscription. This monument, placed over Montgomery's grave in the Sheffield Cemetery, was inaugurated by a public demonstration, rarely equaled for the number and respectability of those who took part in it, except at the funeral of the great and good man whose name and virtues are so deservedly commemorated.

"Your monument shall be your gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead."

One of the most esteemed and valued of the friends of James Montgomery was JOSIAH CONDER, some time editor of the *Eclectic Review*, and in his latter years editor of the *Patriot* newspaper. Both were organs of the Evangelical (Independent) Dissenters. To the *Eclectic* Montgomery was a large contributor; and among its other contributors were Robert Hall, Dr. Adam Clarke, John Foster (the essayist), etc.

I can not write the name of Conder without tendering grateful homage to his memory, for I owe him much. In 1824, when he edited the *Modern Traveler* (a series of popular volumes, compilations from heavy, inaccessible, and costly books), he engaged me to write the "History of Brazil;" and it was he who introduced me to the publishers Baynes and Son, by whom I was engaged to edit an "Annual," which they had applied to Mr. Conder to do—a task he had declined, recommending me to the work. This I called "the *Amulet*, a Christian and Literary Remembrancer," and that publication I edited during eleven years, until it was discontinued.

The reader may not consider out of place in this Memory a brief notice of these works, so long known and popular as "the Annuals."

Early in 1825 I undertook the editorship of the *Amulet*. The first volume was published in the autumn of that year "for the year 1826." It was in age the third of "the Annuals," having been preceded by the *Literary Souvenir* (in 1824), edited by Alaric A. Watts; and the *Forget-me-not* (in 1823), which introduced the class of works into England; then followed *Friendship's Offering*, edited by Thomas Pringle; the *Gem*, edited by Thomas Hood; the *Iris*, edited by the late Rev. Thomas Dale (Canon Dale); the *Bijou*, published by Pickering. Mr. Charles Heath, the eminent engraver, not long afterward issued the *Keepsake*, edited by Mansel Reynolds; and the *Book of Beauty*, edited by Lady Blessington; and in 1831 appeared the *Anniversary*, edited by Allan Cunningham. There were also three annuals for the young, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Alaric Watts, and Mr. Shoberl. The elder annuals were published at 12*s*., the juvenile annuals at 8*s*., and the *Keepsake*, the *Book of Beauty*, and the *Anniversary*, at the price of £1 1*s*. each, being greater in size, containing more and larger engravings, but in all other respects agreeing in character with the senior publications.

The idea was taken from Germany, where such Christmas gift-books had long been popular, and the publisher, Ackerman, was the first to introduce them into England. The *Forget-me-not*, with its happy title, was the parent of those books in this country.

The publications were costly, but they were all more or less profitable; the engravings were of great merit, productions of the best British engravers, for which very large sums were paid, varying from 100 to 150 guineas; in one case I paid 180 guineas to Le Keux for an engraving

* "The Wanderer of Switzerland" was published in 1806; "The West Indies," 1810; "The World before the Flood," 1813; "Greenland," 1819; "Prose by a Poet," 1824; "The Pelican Island," 1827; "Lectures on Poetry," 1833.

† The *Iris* was, at one time, "the only newspaper published at Sheffield;" and in allusion to this fact, on Montgomery's relinquishing it, Wilson says, in the "Noctes," "A hundred firesides sent their representatives to bless the man whose genius had cheered their homes for thirty winters." He adds, "His poetry will live, for he has heart and imagination: the religious spirit of his poetry is affecting and profound."

* Robert had the cure of a church in Glasgow when James visited that city, but he did not call upon his venerable namesake; yet the poet went to hear him preach. On his return to Sheffield, James, being questioned on the subject, merely said, "I can not be one of his eulogists, and I will *not* say any thing to his disparagement."

† It is said, but I know not with what truth, that the father of Robert, usually called Gomery, had been a theatrical clown.

‡ "The Age Reviewed," by Robert Montgomery. Professor Wilson, in the "Noctes," speaks of the book thus; "I gave the thing a glance—wretched stuff."

§ For the Consumption Hospital alone he preached thirty times, at thirty different churches, extending over a period from January, 1843, to December, 1853, adding thus to its funds no less a sum than £1194 17*s*. 4*d*.

‖ The Rev. Robert Montgomery died in December, 1855, leaving a widow and one child. During the later years of his life he was the preacher in Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

¶ These lectures, received not unfavorably at the Royal Institution as the opinions of a poet concerning the brethren and mysteries of the craft, were delivered in several towns, and afterward published in a volume, the reception of which would by no means be a fair or favorable criterion of the public appreciation of his merits as a poet.

* One of the artists who painted his portrait said that his eyes were "in reality a bright hazel, within a narrow circle of clear blue, and so lustrous that in some lights the latter seemed the prevailing tint."

* Mr. Holland, the author of numerous works in prose and verse, was for many years editor of the *Sheffield Mercury*. He still lives in a green and vigorous old age, and is at present the honored manager of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophic Institution.

(five inches by four) of the Crucifixion, from a drawing by John Martin. The pictures engraved were by the best and most renowned English painters. The discovery of engraving on steel, not long before the period of the annuals, completely revolutionized Art; an engraving on copper yielded but a few hundred impressions, but the engraving on steel often produced a hundred thousand without material change.* Hence the birth of the annuals. The literary contents consisted chiefly of trifles, but they were the trifles of great minds; there was hardly an author of celebrity of that age whose name did not appear as a contributor to one of them. Glancing over the *Amulet*, I find as contributors Coleridge, Montgomery, Hemans, Mitford, Landon, Opie, etc., while Scott and Wordsworth aided the *Keepsake*, tempted thereto by the irresistible bribes of Mr. Charles Heath.

The annuals undoubtedly had a salutary influence on Art; it was the first successful attempt to bring Art within reach of all classes. It is not too much to say that many of the engravings produced for these graceful gift-books have never been surpassed.

The *Amulet* had a distinctive feature; it was "a *Christian* and Literary Remembrancer," that is to say, a serious and semi-religious tone pervaded it: undoubtedly, however, it vied in literary merit with the best of its competitors, while, to say the least, it was not behind any of them in its merit as a work of art.

I conducted it for eleven years, producing eleven volumes; but I was not fortunate in my publishers. The first two were issued by Messrs. Baynes and Co., who fell into difficulties; the next three by Wightman and Cramp; and the remainder by Westley and Davis, who became bankrupts in 1837; and as I was a partner with them in so far as the *Amulet* was concerned, my payment as editor being a share of the profits (which, by-the-way, during the six years amounted to somewhat less than a hundred pounds), I was involved in a ruinous loss. But that is one of a few of my "Memories" I pray to forget.

I return to a Memory of JOSIAH CONDER. His father was an engraver, and he was born in London on the 17th September, 1789.

He was a Nonconformist by hereditary right: his ancestors had been Dissenters time out of mind, and had suffered persecutions for going their own way to God. He had the "prayers, example, and instruction" of several generations in the faith, of which he was an uncompromising, but gentle and charitable, advocate.† One of his best friends—Isaac Taylor—bears testimony to "the graceful vivacity and attractiveness of his manners, his intellectual tastes, his literary proficiency and acquaintedness with books, the beauty and feeling of his poetical compositions, and the acknowledged correctness of his judgment." Many of his hymns have taken a prominent place in our devotional literature.‡ He obtained high reputation as a critic, editing the *Eclectic Review*, and was for a long time "the champion of Dissenting interests and principles" as editor of the *Patriot* newspaper.

His wife also was an accomplished lady—the daughter of the renowned sculptor, Roubillac; and the sons have inherited much of the intelligence and integrity of the father.

He had lost an eye by an attack of small-pox in childhood, and used a glass substitute. He drew consolation from that apparent affliction, and considered it the fountain of after-blessing; probably it determined his course of life, by disposing him to sedentary employment, and a love of learning and books.

Isaac Taylor (a high authority) testifies to "the graceful vivacity and attractiveness of his manners, his intellectual tastes, his literary proficiency and acquaintedness with books, the beauty and feeling of his poetical compositions, and the acknowledged correctness of his judgment in matters of taste."

I recall to memory, with much pleasure, a few days spent with him and his then young family at his pretty cottage near Watford. It must have been so far back as 1826 or 1827. I found him—and so report him—as so many of his friends said he was—a genial and kindly critic, a wise counselor, sound of judgment, generous in his religious views, sympathetic with all who had anxieties and cares, with a mind holy, and a nature thoroughly upright, thoroughly Christian; and I may well regret that it was not my destiny to see much of him in after-life.

He died on the 27th December, 1856. I quote the concluding passage of a sermon delivered by Dr. Morison of Knightsbridge: "We are thankful for every remembrance of him, as of one who had in him much of the mind of Christ—who not only trod the paths of literature with a dignified and intelligent step, but also walked humbly with his God; adorned every relation of human life, as a son, a husband, a father, and a friend; and whose last hours were sweetly irradiated by the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness."

The following verse from one of his poems I am tempted to quote:

"Let Mother Rome the banns forbid,
When priests in wedlock join:
Sure Paul might do as Peter did,
And Luther's right is thine:
And we will keep, in spite of Rome,
Our wives, our Bibles, and our home."

* A late discovery makes it possible to obtain impressions of an engraving—any number without limit. The original plate is not used at all; it is stereotyped on copper, the copper being coated with steel, which, when it begins to wear, is easily renewed.

† "He counted it a great honor to be sprung from a family in which piety, as well as Nonconformity, was hereditary."—(Memoir by EUSTACE R. CONDER, M.A.)

‡ I find his hymns in many of the collections; but it is the culpable practice of those who arrange such collections for service in our churches to ignore altogether the names of the writers of them. For example, I have now before me a volume of 510 hymns, edited by the Rev. William Mercer, M.A.; to not one of them is attached the name of the author. That is neither creditable nor wise—but it is ungrateful.

THREE SEASONS.

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"A CUP for hope!" she said,
In spring-time ere the bloom was old:
The crimson wine was poor and cold
By her mouth's richer red.

"A cup for love!" how low,
How soft the words; and all the while
Her blush was rippling with a smile,
Like summer after snow.

"A cup for memory!"
Cold cup that one must drain alone;
While autumn winds are up and moan
Across the barren sea.

Hope, memory, love:
Hope for fair morn, and love for day,
And memory for the evening gray
And solitary dove.

TWO SCENES IN FRANCE.

ON the 7th of March, 1845, eighteen or nineteen journalists and actresses met at a gay dinner in the restaurant of the Frères Provençaux, in Paris. The nominal hostess was Mademoiselle Athenais Pauline Lievenne, an actress at the Vaudeville, chiefly remarkable for her fine Moorish eyes and luxuriant black hair. Her only real guest was M. Dujarrier, one of the kings of Parisian journalism and part proprietor of the *Presse*. The other persons paid for themselves. Among the gentlemen was M. Roger de Beauvoir, a romance writer, better known in Paris for his flowing hair and eccentric waistcoats. There was also present, besides several young men of fashion, M. Rosemond de Beauvallon, a creole from Guadaloupe, and the theatrical critic for the *Globe*.

The dinner had been noisy, and a good deal of personal satire had been exchanged; Dujarrier proposing as toasts "Roger's hair" and "Roger's waistcoats," Roger retorting by reverting to Dujarrier's bald head, and to the famous "Memoirs of M. De Montholon," which the *Presse* was always announcing, but never published. The only cloud over the scene was when Dujarrier, with his usual unbridled spirits and aggressive manner, made some rude observations to the so-called hostess, for which, however, he instantly apologized, and was at once graciously pardoned.

Not long after another cloud arose. M. De Beauvoir came up to Dujarrier, and questioned him about a novel which he had sent to the *Presse*, for which he had been paid, but the publication of which Dujarrier kept delaying. A man of business quite as much as a man of pleasure, Dujarrier replied frankly that Dumas's romances were more popular and more useful to the paper than what Roger wrote, and Roger must wait. De Beauvoir, irritated, made use of some sharp words.

"Do you seek a quarrel with me?" said Dujarrier.

"I don't seek quarrels," replied the romancer, majestically, "but I sometimes meet with them."

The party then divided itself into two parts—one began to dance, and the other to play at lansquenet. Presently, more guests arriving, the play increased. The owner of the bank was willing to risk a large sum, so Beauvallon and Dujarrier associated themselves with him. Dujarrier risked twenty-five louis, and Beauvallon four and a half. The bank gained, which gave Dujarrier one hundred louis, and Beauvallon eighteen. But the banker, when he came to pay his partners, found that he was still some louis short, having by mistake called a larger sum than what he really had before him. He was preparing to make it up from his own purse, when Beauvallon proposed to Dujarrier to bear the loss, but Dujarrier refused. Dujarrier's refusal was recognized as legitimate, and nothing more was thought of the matter.

At the close of the evening Beauvallon spoke again to Dujarrier about the settlement. Dujarrier replied, brusquely, "How can I be expected to remember a game that took place four hours ago? I have played more than twenty-five thousand francs this evening. This is contrary to the rules of right play—it is inconvenient. I owe nothing, and shall pay nothing." Beauvallon pleaded, at least, for the twenty-five louis he had contributed to the bank. Dujarrier then, as Beauvallon was leaving, insisted on paying him eighty-four louis he owed him on another transaction, and in a way that implied Beauvallon entertained mean and unworthy suspicions. "Permit me to pay you," he said, "it will save me the trouble of sending it you." Dujarrier, then, in spite of Beauvallon's assurances, went to borrow the money, not having enough about him, M. Collor, the landlord of the Frères Provençaux, supplying the last ten louis.

Beauvallon, who had been watching for an opportunity to call out the rival editor, went home, considering his honor hurt in being suspected of claiming what was not due to him. He instantly sent for two friends, M. D'Escquevillez and M. Roger de Beauvoir. They agreed with him that an explanation was necessary. On going to Dujarrier that gentleman merely said, in an offensive way, "Beauvallon—Grandvillon! don't know him. My friends are M. De Boignes and Arthur Bertrand." This answer Beauvallon thought a new offense, and on his second then threatening a manual outrage to Dujarrier unless some apology was made, Dujarrier accepted the challenge. Beauvallon proposed swords to give his adversary more chance, offering his word that he would only disarm or wound Dujarrier. An officious friend, however, informing Dujarrier of this, he at once felt bound in honor not to accept the advantage.

About three o'clock the day before the duel Dujarrier called on Dumas, the novelist, and took up a sword he found in a corner of the room. Dumas saw at once that he did not even know how to hold it. He asked Dujarrier if he could use any other weapon better. Dujarrier then said that he was going to fight M. De Beauvallon the next day. Dumas, knowing Beauvallon's reputation as a swordsman, said, "Your adversary is a first-class swordsman; you had better use the sword: as soon as M. De Beauvallon sees the way in which you hold the sword the duel will be over." Dujarrier then replied that pistols were chosen; that the sword was a dangerous weapon; that he had more chance with the pistol, but was sure to be killed with the sword. "It is my first duel," he added; "it is an astonishing thing I never had one before. It is a baptism I must undergo. M. Beauvallon is brave, and has made his reputation. When I have fought with him I shall have no more quarrels; it will stop all these miserable yelpings." The cause of the duel, he said, was really a newspaper quarrel—it was a war between the *Globe* and the *Presse*, not between M. Dujarrier and M. Beauvallon. He seemed preoccupied with the resolve not to show himself a coward in the eyes of Beauvallon, and appeared imbued that night with the belief that he should be killed. In vain Dumas hinted that a pistol, however fired, might hit, but that a sword could spare. He refused to listen—telling his friend that one of Beauvallon's seconds had said, "If you don't accept this challenge, you will have to fight for some other reason. They will force you—you are displeasing to them." Dujarrier remained, dined with Dumas, and left at nine o'clock. Dumas then went to the Variétés, but, feeling uneasy about Dujarrier, left the theatre and went to call on him. *Dujarrier was writing his will.* Dumas saw that he ought to avoid all conversation on the subject that preoccupied him. He, however, pressed him to fight with swords, and said, "Take care, my dear friend; you have been lucky too long for it to last." At midnight Dumas left.

The will the doomed man that night wrote commenced thus:

"On the eve of fighting for a cause the most absurd, on a pretext the most frivolous, and my friends, Arthur Bertrand and Charles de Boignes, being unable to avoid a rencounter which it becomes my honor to accept after the provocations that have been addressed to me, I leave here my last wishes."

The letter to his mother ran thus:

"MY GOOD MOTHER,—If this letter reaches you, it will be because I am either dead or dangerously wounded. I shall fight to-morrow with pistols. It is a necessity of my position, and I accept it as a man of courage. If any thing could make me recoil, it is the fear of the pain the blow that struck me would give you; but honor is imperious, and if you must shed tears, my good mother, you had better shed tears over a son worthy of you than over a coward. One idea will, at least, soften your sorrow, and that is that my last thought will be for you. I shall go to fight calm and sure of myself. I have right on my side. I embrace you, my good mother, with all the outpourings of my heart.
"DUJARRIER."

Eleven o'clock in the morning was the hour fixed for the duel. The seconds agreed that the combatants should be placed at thirty paces, then step five forward and fire, each of them stopping when he had received his adversary's fire. The shots were to be exchanged without waiting. They were to toss who should furnish the arms. Beauvallon winning, his second, M. D'Escquevillez, produced a pair of pistols which he professed to be his own personal property. Dumas offered his pistols, but they were rejected. The duel took place in the Bois de Boulogne. Dujarrier brought in his cab his two seconds, and M. De Guise, a doctor. They arrived on the ground at ten o'clock. It was a cold day, a good deal of snow had fallen, and soft, white flakes still floated in the air. Beauvallon kept them waiting an hour and a half. Dujarrier, suffering from cold and nervous excitement, was so unfit to fight that the doctor insisted he should leave the ground, as was his right; but he refused. At length Beauvallon arrived with his seconds. Dujarrier's friend, M. De Boignes, then made a last appeal, begging him not to carry further a duel without a motive. Beauvallon replied, coldly, that he had been insulted, and that offenses like that were never arranged on the ground.

D'Escquevillez then drew a pair of hair-triggers from his pocket. M. De Bertrand, before loading them, thrust his finger into one of the barrels, and found it black. He at once felt a suspicion that the pistols had been used, but D'Escquevillez assured him on his honor that they had only been snapped, and that Beauvallon had never tried them. These preliminaries over, the two adversaries took their places. Dujarrier was such a novice that, accidentally touching the trigger, he all but shot M. De Boignes. At the third clap of hands he fired, but did not touch Beauvallon; he then dropped the pistol, which he should have held up to guard his head, and instead of remaining edgeways, stood square and presented his chest. M. Beauvallon then took slow and deliberate aim (forty seconds), and as M. Boignes cried, anxiously, "Fire! fire!" the pistol was fired. Dujarrier remained stationary—it was hoped that he had not been touched—when all at once he fell like a sack. The doctor ran to his man. The ball had struck him above the right nostril. His anxious look showed that his senses were still preserved. M. De Guise sought to reassure him with a few words of comfort, but a moment's examination proved to him that Dujarrier was lost. The upper maxillary bone was shattered, and the spinal marrow touched. When the party reached Dujarrier's house, and the servant opened the door, a lady rushed to the carriage. It was Lola Montez, a young mistress of Dujarrier's. His body fell into her arms.

The death of Dujarrier caused great emotion in Paris: the motives for fighting were so puerile, the inequality of the combatants was so flagrant. There had been treachery, too. It was soon ascertained that the pistols used had belonged to M. Ganier de Cassagnac, Beauvallon's brother-in-law. The gun-maker, with whom M. Cassagnac pretended the pistols were on the morning of the duel, proved that it was not till after the duel that he had had them to clean. Moreover, Beauvallon and his two zealous seconds fled to Spain, and did not for some months give themselves up.

It was decided to prosecute Beauvallon, who had surrendered himself, and on the 26th of March, 1846, he was brought up for trial at the Cour Royale, Rouen. Beauvallon in his defense asserted that he had been driven to use pistols much against his inclination. He had chosen the most unfavorable place when on the ground, and he had resolved not to fire till after his adversary. He had taken no longer aim than was necessary. It was then attempted to be proved that Beauvallon, when a lad, had once gone into the house of a cousin and stolen a watch, to raise money to go to a bal masqué; but this unworthy slander broke down.

M. Berryer, Beauvallon's advocate, defended his client with great eloquence, and quoted Guizot's words to prove from the lips of an eminently religious man that the duel was not forbidden by civilization or religion. "French manners," Guizot had said, "were chivalrous, and they had substituted the duel for the assassination. When the honor of a man or a woman was assailed, reparation was needed. The savage revenges himself by the ambuscade, the Frenchman by the duel. In vain you legislate; men of courage deride you."

The result of this speech was a verdict for the acquittal, Beauvallon being only fined 20,000 francs.

But the case did not end here. In August, 1847, D'Escquevillez was tried at the Court of Assizes for the Seine, for having given false evidence in the Beauvallon trial. The chief witness, M. Meynard, deposed that the evening before the duel Beauvallon asked him to come and practice with him with pistols at half past six the next morning. They went the next morning to D'Escquevillez's garden at Chaillot, and Beauvallon fired with great precision a dozen times, with his brother-in-law's pistols, at a mark on the garden wall. This over, D'Escquevillez went off to meet Dujarrier's second, and the witness walked with Beauvallon. De Guise also deposed that the pistols were flashed on the ground, but only with caps. At the Rouen trial D'Escquevillez had tried to make him give false evidence, and had threatened him. The Viscount d'Alban deposed that D'Escquevillez had so bad a reputation that he had been refused admission to the Madrid Casino. Beauvallon had also been found cheating in cards. An expert proved that two discharges of powder might stain, but would not blacken a pistol barrel. The result was a verdict against D'Escquevillez, with extenuating circumstances, and he was condemned to ten years' "seclusion sans exposition."

In the same month Beauvallon was also tried for perjury. M. Meynard's evidence was again criminating. On the morning of the duel he saw on D'Escquevillez's table two pairs of pistols, one of which pairs he was told was M. Ganier de Cassagnac's. Beauvallon fired with both pairs, and Meynard complimented him on his address. Beauvallon replied, "I have often broken eggs with these at my brother-in-law's." M. Devismes, a gunsmith, deposed that on the 18th of March M. Cassagnac had ordered his pistols to be sent to his brother-in-law in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette. He also proved that during a short absence in the country Cassagnac and Beauvallon had sent for four hundred pistol-bullets. M. Belmont, a witness called by Beauvallon, deposed that at a duel fought by Beauvallon the prisoner had fired in the air the first time, upon which his adversary fired and wounded him.

M. Capo de Feuillade's speech for the defense was eminently French. It ended thus:

"And now I intrust this child to you. See what he is, when he hears in Madrid these murmurs, these reports; he says, 'I will pass the frontier; I will go to Paris; I will go there and perform one of the most beautiful actions that can honor human life. I will go to bear my testimony to friendship.' And now, dear child of my affections, thou for whom I have alone lived for two months, let me undertake in thy name the solemn engagement that henceforward thou wilt neither propose nor accept a duel."

PRISONER. "Never."

CAPO DE FEUILLADE. "Thou art poor. Thou hast to suffer two years in prison already, and to pay for thy costs. Work and pray. Work and prayer, what consolations! And on leaving prison you will still have a right to the esteem of honest men."

Beauvallon here wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. He was pale and haggard, but affected complete tranquillity. He was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. The two prisoners were still in the Conciergerie when the revolution of 1848 broke out. The prisons were forced open, and they escaped.

D'Escquevillez appeared no more on the scene. M. Beauvallon returned to Guadaloupe, and tried to obtain a legal pardon for his escape; but the court refused all his applications.

This Dujarrier duel showed how terribly near assassination these encounters often are. There was no doubt left in the minds of impartial men that Beauvallon had taken a cruel and murderous advantage in using a weapon to which he was accustomed. It also appeared that the duel had originated in an old press quarrel, Cassagnac having been dismissed from Dujarrier's paper for some imprudence. It was equally certain that Cassagnac, wishing to remove his rival, had set on the young creole duelist to fight and kill him.

C'EST LA BELLE FRANCE!

DAS IST DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND.

FRANCE, 1871.

WHAT is this that she says of thee, willful and wounded,
But beautiful France?
This selfish-wise world, as she looks on thy writhings
From afar and askance?

Lo! she says that the sackcloth of sorrow that clothes thee
Thou shalt keep for thy shroud;
She says that thy head shall be never more lifted,
Because it is bowed!

She says that this red rain that drips from thy bosom
Is the costliest—last!
And her hand is uplifted to write thee and seal thee
With the things that are past!

And wilt thou lie down, then, so straitly and starkly,
And let the dark cover thee?
Shall she say, "This was France!"—for a sign, at thy head,
Plant thine own lilies over thee?

I have seen a red rose thriving well in the mould of a
Crumbling coffin;
And the dead have stood up, while the living around them
Were doubting and scoffing.

At thy throat is the grip of the tall, surly Northman—
But thou art too fair!
He never will strike through the quivering flesh
Of thy white beauty, bare.

From the trail of thy tresses he carefully lifteth
His iron-shod heel.
Ere he leaves thee he stanches the wounds that were made by
His conquering steel.

Albeit, he knows that the life that he nurses
Would strike at his own;
Though he knows that thy hate will beleaguer his path when
Thy strength is new-grown!

Oh, proud, breaking heart! Oh, presumptuous, despairing,
But undismayed France!
Fair, fickle, and furious, thine old lovers knew thee
In the days of romance!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

ONE ROOM TOO MANY.

A COLLEGE REMINISCENCE.

IT was late on a gloomy October evening when I piloted my way up the crazy and ill-lighted stair which led to Harry Markham's rooms in the principal quadrangle (or, in college parlance, the "front quad") of St. Michael's College, Oxford. The clamor of boisterous merriment that struck upon my ear as I ascended showed that the revel was already at its height; for this evening Markham's "set" (a somewhat roistering set withal, as sundry gate-fines* and summonses before the college authorities continually testified) were celebrating the arrival of a new Freshman from the North—known by reputation to not a few of them—who was expected to prove a valuable acquisition to the college boat, and, by strength of muscle, if not of mind, to enhance the renown of St. Michael's in no small degree. As I entered, the host, with flushed face, and eyes sparkling with mirth and mischief, was just calling upon the company to "fill their glasses to the health of his esteemed friend, Mr. Joseph Talboys, whose thews and sinews were a sufficient guarantee of good service to be done by him when the time should again come round for St. Michael's to display her prowess on the river." Amidst a general shouting and stamping of feet, and the crash of several glasses (it being a special characteristic of a certain class of under-graduate, when slightly heated with liquor, to smash every thing, animate or inanimate, that may come in his way), the toast was drunk; and the new-comer—a brawny, yellow-haired giant from Cumberland, whose broad, jovial, unmeaning face promised less of the scholar than his vast shoulders and herculean limbs did of the athlete—having lumbered out a few incoherent words in reply, the buzz of conversation again became general.

"Well, old fellow," cried Markham, turning to the Cumbrian, "how do you like the idea of sleeping in the haunted room, eh?"

"It's all one to me," answered Talboys, in his deep, heavy, gong-like tones; "it 'll be a clever ghost that can wake *me* when I'm once fairly asleep."

"What about a haunted room?" interrupted I. "I didn't know we had one in college."

"Oh, you know that queer old corner room in the back quad," struck in my right-hand neighbor; "it hasn't been used for ever so long, and, of course, that's a sufficient reason why it should be set down as haunted."

"But what's the story connected with it, then?" asked I.

"Oh, just that something happened there, somehow, a long time ago," rejoined my informant; "and so, you see, it came to be haunted. If you want to know further particulars, your own scout,† old Sam Thorpe, is your man. He's lived in the college till he's just like a part of it himself, and there's not a thing happened this last thirty years but what he has it all at his fingers' ends. Ask *him* about Talboys's room if you want to know all about it."

"And meanwhile," shouted Harry, draining his tumbler, "here's a good night's rest to Mr. Talboys, and may the ghost be as civil to him as he deserves!"

"I say, Talboys," cried a rakish-looking man at the farther end of the board, "if the ghost *does* come, just ask him whether I shall win the Aylesbury steeple-chase next week, there's a good fellow."

"And whether I shall get a first in Greats,"‡

* The fines officially levied upon those who come in after the hour appointed for shutting the college gates.
† The Oxford name for a college servant. The Cambridge term is "gyp."
‡ A first-class in the third or final examination for the degree of B.A.

added a languid, foppishly dressed fellow beside him, whose ambitious remark called forth a general roar of laughter.

"Ah, Carrington, my boy," cried Markham, "I'm afraid *your* first in Greats is beyond the power of even a ghost to secure. But come, let's have another bowl of punch, and bother take the ghost and all connected with him!"

Louder and wilder waxed the uproar under the influence of the "second brew," and the evening's merry-making ended, as Oxford wine-parties occasionally do, in the disappearance of more than half the party under the table, the clamorous dispersion of the rest in every direction except that of their own rooms, an unmerciful smashing of glasses, windows, and even furniture, and a number of bad headaches and official rebukes next morning. The only two who escaped unscathed were Talboys and myself—the Cumbrian from his iron strength of head, and I from my natural indisposition to drink deeply. We parted at the foot of the stair; but as the stalwart Northerner strode across the silent quadrangle, his huge figure looking shadowy and spectral under the fitful glimmer of the moonlight, an undefinable impulse prompted me to follow him to the entrance of the back quadrangle, in which lay the room that he was to occupy.

The so-called "back quadrangle" of St. Michael's is in reality a long straggling court, flanked on one side by the palisade of an adjoining wood-yard, and on the other by the wall of the college itself, the farther end being formed by a projecting wing of the building, containing, perhaps, fifteen or twenty sets of rooms. As I halted at the end of the dark passage which unites the two quadrangles a cloud suddenly obscured the moonlight, casting a dim and cheerless gloom over the whole space, which appeared to my excited fancy like the shadow of the grave advancing to swallow up my reckless companion. So strongly did this idea take hold of my mind for the moment that I was on the point of shouting to him to stop. But such childish fantasies had little hold upon the sturdy Northman, who, caroling in a lusty voice a fragment of some song which had taken his fancy during the evening, marched steadily across the open space, and vanished into the deeper shadows beyond. As he disappeared an overpowering terror, such as I had never before experienced, and of which I can only convey an idea by calling it the terror of *expectation*—the foreboding of a horror yet to come—seized upon me, and, like a child suddenly left alone in the dark, I fairly turned round and *ran* back to my own rooms, as if fleeing from some deadly peril.

After such a transgression of my usual habits as the midnight symposium of the evening before it is not surprising that I slept long and heavily. The first thing that disturbed me was an unusual tumult in the back quadrangle—a shouting, trampling, running to and fro, and banging of doors and windows, such as might have aroused any one whose bedroom, like mine, abutted upon the scene of the disturbance. I sprang to the window and looked out just as one of the men with whom I had supped the night before came running past.

"Hallo, Sargent!" cried I. "What's all this row about?"

"Haven't you heard?" he answered, halting for a moment. "Talboys, the new Freshman, has been found in a fit on the floor of his room."

"In a fit! How's that?"

"Nobody knows; we can't get a word out of him that any one can understand. I'm off to fetch a doctor." And away he ran.

As may be imagined, I was not long in dressing after such a *reveille*, and had just entered my sitting-room when my scout—old Sam Thorpe, already introduced to my readers by the conversation quoted above—made his appearance with the breakfast-tray. Sam was a lean, undersized, hatchet-faced old fellow, with small, deep-set, cunning gray eyes, and a dried-up, leathery face, trenched with countless wrinkles, giving it the look, as one of his masters quaintly observed, "of a ruined head haunted with ghost-stories." His age was an impenetrable mystery, college traditions unanimously agreeing in representing him as going about in the same snuff-colored coat, and with the same antiquated appearance, as far back as the memory of man could extend. He possessed a considerable fund of out-of-the-way knowledge, and was a perfect mine of quaint old stories respecting the college and all connected with it, which he narrated with a homely and untaught eloquence that made him well worth listening to. As a rule, Sam was always ready for a chat, but on this occasion he seemed in no hurry to begin. At length, having laid the table as solemnly as if he were making preparations for my immediate execution, he hazarded a remark: "Sad business, Sir, this of Muster Talboys!"

"Have you heard how it happened?" asked I.

"I don't know nothing about it, Sir, barring that Joe Leggitt, the scout on that staircase, found Muster Talboys a-lying all along on the floor, with a face just like one o' them stone statteys above the hall door yonder;* and he can't even tell one 'ow it 'appened, poor young gen'leman—only he keeps sayin' that the devil's in his room, and that he won't stay in it at no price; so the doctor's had him shifted into Muster Archer's rooms, on the next staircase."

"Is the doctor with him now, then?"

"Yes, Sir, he's there; but I don't know what he thinks of it all—he won't say nothin'." And old Sam glided away like a ghost.

I made a hasty pretense of breakfast—to eat heartily was altogether beyond my power—and, rushing down stairs, came face to face with the departing doctor, an old acquaintance of mine, who had pulled me very cleverly through a dan-

* The effigies of the founder of the college and his wife.

gerous illness caught during a long vacation trip to Algeria.

"Good-morning, doctor; what do you think of our patient now?"

"Well, my dear Sir, it's rather premature to give any decided opinion yet. The nervous system has received a great shock, unquestionably—a very great shock; but we shall remove him to lodgings in the town this afternoon, and I hope he may mend by degrees."

(As I shall not have occasion to mention Talboys again in the course of my narrative, I may as well notice here that he returned home as soon as his health permitted him to travel, not reappearing till the following term—to the huge indignation of the authorities, who were ineffably scandalized at the occurrence of such an unaccountable catastrophe within the walls of St. Michael's, an occurrence—as the head of the college aptly defined it—"altogether unprovided for by the university statutes."*)

"But what do you think was the cause of it, then? And what makes him talk about the devil, and all that?"

"It's impossible to account for the vagaries of nature, my dear Sir," replied the oracular doctor, who never, by any chance, gave a plain answer if he could possibly avoid it. "It's a very curious case, and I intend making a careful study of it, I assure you; but in the mean time it may be just as well to set down the whole thing as the effect of stomachic derangement, brought on, no doubt, by the heavy supper of last night. Good-morning to you; I have several other visits to pay."

And so saying the doctor vanished, leaving me plunged in reflections of a very harassing nature. All the efforts which I made to fathom this mysterious catastrophe only sank me into deeper bewilderment. Here was a man, healthy, fearless, unimaginative as man could be, with the nerves of a soldier and the strength of a giant, struck down all in one moment by an agency of which ninety-nine men in a hundred would deny the very existence. What was I to think? Had the supernatural, then, any real basis of fact? And was it now, after eluding my grasp on the moonlit rocks of Brittany and beside the grim ruins of the Rhine, in the pathless forests of Finland and amidst the revolting superstitions of the Lower Danube, starting up to confront me in sober England, and, of all places, in the heart of a skeptical university? In this unpleasant frame of mind I turned my steps almost unconsciously in the direction of the back quadrangle, and found old Sam Thorpe flitting around the fatal spot like a raven on a battle-field.

"Sam," said I, "show me Mr. Talboys's room."

"Why, Sir, Mr. Talboys ain't there now; he's on the next staircase."

"Never mind that; it's the *room* that I want to see."

"But, bless you, Sir, what's the good (if you'll excuse my freedom) of lookin' at a room where there's nothin' to see?"

"That's *my* business, not yours. You just take me there at once."

Sam, with manifest reluctance, led the way up the more distant of the three stairs, and halted before a small door, on opening which I found myself in a rather dingy-looking sitting-room, furnished in the usual simple style, opening into a bedroom of smaller size but similar furniture. Except the comfortless aspect characteristic of every room which is suddenly reoccupied after a long term of neglect, there was, as Sam had forewarned me, nothing remarkable about either apartment; but I had barely had time to look round me, when my eyes were attracted by an object which riveted them (*why*, I could not tell), to the exclusion of every other. This was a large rusty iron hook, driven into the ceiling of the sitting-room, apparently for the purpose of suspending a hanging lamp. It is no exaggeration to say that this hook drew my eyes to it as the magnet draws the needle; and so thoroughly was I engrossed with this seemingly insignificant object, that I failed to notice the exit of my guide, who no sooner saw my attention diverted from him, than he slipped noiselessly out and closed the door behind him. But the moment I found myself alone a feeling rushed upon me which I despair of expressing. To call it the instinctive consciousness of an invisible presence of evil, or the mixture of terror, disgust, and inthrallment with which we look for the first time upon a loathsome reptile or an executed criminal, gives but a faint idea of its overwhelming intensity. I must borrow from the words of an old legend† what my own are powerless to convey:

"The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself so, when, like a swarm of demons, the recollection of all his sins rushed on his mind, and, like furies armed with fiery scourges, seemed determined to drive him to despair. As he combated these horrible recollections, with distracted feelings but with a resolved mind, he became aware that his arguments were answered by the sophistry of another, and that the dispute was no longer confined to his own thoughts. The Author of Evil was present in the room with him in bodily shape, impressing upon him the desperation of his state, and urging suicide as the readiest mode of putting an end to his sinful career."

This is, as it were, the shadow of what I felt; but the terrific reality is beyond the power of description. With an effort like that with which one breaks from the oppression of a nightmare, I flung open the door and rushed out, meeting on the staircase the spectral figure and shriveled, corpse-like visage of old Sam, who surveyed my

* I have since heard that the question of pulling down the ill-omened room altogether has been seriously discussed by the college authorities—with what result I am not informed.
† M'Kinlay's "Legend of the Astrologer."

convulsed features with a grin of ghastly curiosity.

"Well, Sir, how do you like the room, now you *have* seen it?"

"Sam," answered I, looking him full in the face, "you know more of this than you pretend. Just tell me all about it."

"Lawk, Sir, how should *I* know any thing?" faltered Sam, his cadaverous face turning a shade paler than usual. "Doctor says it's summut wrong wi' the gen'leman's stomach; and *he* ought to know, surely."

"This won't do, my man," answered I, catching him by the arm. "Men are not to be frightened to death like this, and no one be able to tell how. Either you tell me all you know about this room, before you stir, or I'll go straight to the warden and report you."

Sam turned perfectly livid, and shook from head to foot. For a moment he seemed to hold counsel with himself, and then stammered out: "I'll tell you all you want to know, Sir, but, for 'Eaven's sake, don't make me tell it now. If you'll allow me I'll come to you at eight this evenin' and give you the whole story."

"See that you do, then," said I, turning away; "for if not—you know what I've promised you."

All the rest of the day I was in a perfect fever of conflicting emotions. The unusual excitement of the evening before, the extraordinary events of the morning, my own unaccountable sensations in the haunted room, and the equally unaccountable terror of my old servant, all combined to throw me into a condition little better than that of Talboys himself; and I was in the humor to believe any tale of horror, however improbable, when, just on the stroke of eight, the door opened, and old Sam's weazened face and lean, corpse-like figure came gliding in. He seemed, however, in no haste to commence his dismal confidence, and it needed the repetition of my threat of the morning and the stimulus of a large glass of brandy to make him at length proceed as follows:

"You must know, then, Sir, that about forty years ago, not long a'ter I fust cum to be a scout, them rooms o' Muster Talboys's belonged to a gen'leman commoner (Muster 'Ammersley his name was), what had just come up from somewheres in the West. A small, slight-built man he was to look at, with a smooth white face, just like a woman's, and never a hair upon it barrin' a little black mustache, as if somebody had done it with a pencil; and altogether he looked such a dainty Jemmy Jessamy sort o' chap that some o' our big, strappin' fellows in the college boat turned up their noses at him a bit just at fust, and thought he warn't good for nothin'. But he showed 'em different afore long, for he was just one o' them chaps as seems to be able to do every thin' just as easy as eat their breakfast. He won the 'igh jump, and the long jump too, at the college hathletic sports; and he walked to Woodstock* in an hour and a 'arf, for a bet o' five pound; and when he went out ridin' (he was 'mazin' fond o' ridin', and kep' a oss o' his own at Tollitt's†) it looked just as if him and his oss was j'ined together like them Simonese Twins the papers makes sitch a work about. And the fust November a'ter he cum up, when there was sitch a Town and Gown on the Fifth as never was (I remember it well, for I was out myself, as any young chap might, to see the fun), he went out and fought as if all the prize-fighters in Lunnon had been in his skin; and he picked out the best man o' the town (Bill Dawson the butcher 'twas, him they used to call 'Mutton-fist'—he's dead now), and giv' him sitch a hidin' that Bill warn't his own man agin for a week. I tell you, Sir, it was hawful to see that fight. Muster 'Ammersley minded the licks he got (and he got some 'orrid uns) no more'n if they was mere flea-bites; and his eyes glared, and his lips worked, and his teeth gnashed, as if he was goin' to fly at Butcher Bill's throat and drink his blood. And when I met Bill a while a'ter, and says to him, 'Bill, my boy, you've met your match at last!' says he, 'Noa, I hain't; 'cos why, that feller ain't a man at all—he's got *the devil's strength and his own too!*' And somehow that sayin' o' hisn stuck in my head, and wouldn't never go out agin.

"Of course, when all them things got abroad, our gen'lemen changed their tune wonderfully about Muster 'Ammersley; and, little by little, he got to be quite the champion o' the college. But our dons didn't like him so well at all, for he was a real wild un, if ever there was one. I don't say but what young gen'lemen *will* be a little wild now and then—that's only human natur'; but this Muster 'Ammersley was out and out the wildest we ever had—there warn't nothin' on earth he wouldn't do if once he got it in his 'ead. And what with drinkin' and fightin' and card-playin' and breakin' of windows, and doin' other things besides, he got so into the black list with the warden and the fellows that at last they fairly began to think o' makin' him take his name off the books" (that is, leave the college).

"The worst thing about him was that he did all them wicked things not in a heat and a hurry, like most of our young gen'lemen, but as cool and quiet as if he was a-drawin' of a map; and you could always tell when he was at his wickedest by his speakin' in a low, soft, sleepy kind o' voice, and strokin' his little black mustache wi' his long white fingers; and when he did that you might be sure there was some worse devilry than usual comin'.

"It was just about this time that summut 'appened which I never forgot, and never shall. There cum a letter one mornin' for Muster 'Ammersley, addressed in a lady's 'and, in one o' them narrow pink envelopes as young ladies are so fond of. And when I brought it him he looked at me with the wickedest look I ever see, as if wonderin' how I dared touch it; but all at once he seem-

* Rather over eight miles.
† A noted Oxford stable-keeper.

ed to recollect hisself, and waved his 'and to me to go out, and sat down to read. In about 'arf an hour I cum in agin to do up the room a bit, and there I seen the letter lyin' open on the table, and him starin' straight afore him like a man in a dream; but the minute he saw me his eyes glared like a dog just goin' to spring, and he called out, in a voice that made me shake all over, 'Be off!' And off I went double-quick, for when his blood was up I'd sooner have angered anythink than him. But a while a'ter that one o' his grooms cum to Hoxford (for the young gen'leman's father was powerful rich, and kep a whole drove o' servants), and I met him at Tollitt's, and we went and 'ad some beer together, and I drew him about Muster 'Ammersley all he knew. And he told me as how the young gen'leman 'ad bin sweet on some young lady as lived near him (as good and as pretty a one as ever stepped), and how they'd bin engaged to be married; but when he got into these bad ways o' his she took back her word, and giv him up, though it was like pullin' out a bit o' her own heart to do it (them was Tom's very words, and he had it all from her own maid, what was a sweetheart o' his). Mayhap it 'ud ha' bin better if she *'adn't* gin him up, poor young gen'leman! considerin' how it all ended; but God knows what's best.

"Well, Sir, it was about a year a'ter Muster 'Ammersley fust cum up that an ugly story got abroad about some poor girl in the town (the daughter o' one o' the college tradesmen) what he'd made love to, and then played her false, so that she never held up her head agin. A very bad business it was, if 'arf was true as was said about it; and our dons they held a Common-room on the job, and settled as how either Muster 'Ammersley must clear hisself o' havin' any 'and in it, or he must leave the college. Now it 'appened that the very mornin' o' the Common-room another letter cum for the young gen'leman, and this time it was in a man's 'and; but as soon as he'd read it he tore it up, and chucked it into the grate. There warn't no fire lit ('cos o' its bein' summer); and so when he'd gone out I fell to to pick up the pieces, and see if I could make any thin' out of 'em. (Mayhap it warn't a very nice thing to do, but cur'osity's Varsity strong sometimes.) However, it was so torn that there was only one bit I could make head or tail of, and that seemed to be just the fag-end o' the letter. This is what was written on it: 'You have disgraced yourself and me, and must abide the consequences. I will give you no help, and only regret being still compelled to sign myself—your father, F. C. Hammersley.' Then I remembered what Tom the groom had said about there being no love lost 'twixt father and son; and I guessed as how the young gen'leman had got into some hawful scrape, and his guv'nor wouldn't 'elp him out.

"Muster 'Ammersley cum in agin toward a'ternoon, and sat like a stone stattey for two or three hours, takin' no heed o' me as I went in and out, and not utterin' a sound, only that once I heerd him mutter, 'I said, May the devil take me if I wrong her; and now I *have* wronged her, and he *will!*' About night-fall he went out agin, and there were some as said a'terward (for nobody never got at the rights o' the story) that he went to some gen'leman he knew and lost a lot o' money at cards. Anyhow, 'twixt one and two in the mornin', as I was a-comin' across the back quad (I'd bin sittin' up with old Higgins, the college messenger, what was rayther bad that night), somebody comes through the passage from the front quad, and goes by me like a shadow; but a glimmer o' moonlight fell on his face, and I knowed it in a minute. 'Twas Muster 'Ammersley's face, and yet agin 'twasn't his—but somehow as if he was dead, and the devil had entered into his body. Up the stair he went as if he had wings; and I, just as if somebody 'd told me to do it, follered quietly a'ter him; but afore I could get up, he'd shut and locked his door. I heerd him fidgetin' about inside for a bit, as if lookin' for summut; and then he seemed to come out into the middle o' the room, and said, in a voice like nothin' I ever heerd before nor since, 'I curse with my last breath this room, and all that is in it, and all who shall come to it a'ter me; and I give it over to the power of the devil, unto whom I go; and may *his* presence, and *mine*, and that of all things evil, possess it henceforth for ever and ever!'

"You wouldn't believe me, Sir, if I was to tell you what a turn them words giv' me. I tried to call for help, but my tongue seemed to stiffen in my mouth, and every thin' went round with me as if I'd been drunk; and the next thing I remember is findin' myself lyin' at the foot o' the stair, with the mornin' light just comin' in the sky, and Jem Banks (him as was scout on the next staircase then) stoopin' over me.

"'Why, Thorpe,' says he, ''ave you bin on the spree, that you lie rollin' here this way?'

"'Jem,' says I, 'for 'Eaven's sake come up quick to Muster 'Ammersley's rooms; I'm afeard there's summut wrong!' Well, Sir, up we went together; but it was too late: he'd hung hisself to that 'ere big hook in the middle o' the ceilin', and them words I heerd was his last. What's more, Sir, it's 'appened somehow that them rooms have never bin lived in since then, till Muster Talboys took 'em yesterday, and you see what *he's* got by it!"

The old man ceased, and looked inquiringly at me, but it was in vain that I attempted to answer him. Strong as my nerves are (and I may say, without boasting, that they have seldom failed me in time of need), I could not repress a shudder—fresh as I was from the dismal atmosphere of the fatal chamber—at the thought of the scene it had once witnessed. There rose up before me, like a nightmare, the image of that desperate self-destroyer in his lonely room. A cold sickness came over me, and I bowed my head upon the table at which I sat. When I looked up again, my companion had stolen silently away.

OLD ITALIAN STORIES.

The stories of the Italian peasantry are for the most part legendary, the names of their authors and the dates of their composition being, in many cases, unknown, even to collectors of ballads. They are printed and sewed together in a form somewhat similar to that of the "Priest's Calendar" and the "Book of Mary," works which the peasantry, and other persons who profess to be well-informed, look upon as parts of the New Testament. They are sold at various prices, averaging from two soldi (a penny) to a franc, and a franc and a half, the dearest books being bound in fancy covers, made of parchment or coarse paper, and ornamented with wood-cuts of an ambiguous character. Thus, a saint's portrait is often to be found attached to a story of brigands, and a standard-bearer, who appears to belong to the Austrian army, figures as a monk of the olden time, carrying the sacred flag or emblem of his convent.

The most popular of the stories of the peasantry is the novel or saga of the "Reali di Francia," a work which is intimately connected with the "Orlando Innamorato of Boyardo," and the still more famous "Orlando Furioso of Ariosto," throwing much light on early manners and the practice of knight-errantry. Its real title, in English, is the "Royalties of France," but it might with equal propriety have been styled the "Royalties of Spain," or the "Kings and Queens of Fairy-land."

The "Royalties of France" begins with an account of the conversion of Constantine, and the installment of the first pope in the Eternal City. The name of this prelate is Sylvester, not Peter, which would seem to clash with the generally-received account of the first wearer of the papal crown. But it is to be presumed that this book was written at a time when people knew or cared little about chronology or the bonâ fide annals of the Church, or it is possible that the writer was a bit of a skeptic in these matters, and thought that one name was as good as another in cases where both were open to doubt. But the story must speak for itself.

There lived in the neighborhood of Rome, in the days of Constantine, a certain pastor of the Church named Sylvester. He had been persecuted for his religion, and took refuge on a hill called Mount Sirach, where there was a wood with a cavern in it. But he was driven away from thence, and fled to Aspromonte, accompanied by two of his followers. He lived here for several months in quiet and seclusion, during which time Constantine, who had been suffering from leprosy for twelve years, fell dangerously ill, and exhausted all the arts of his physicians. At last one of them, who had no children of his own, and was looked upon as a kind of genius, prescribed a bath of children's blood. Seven little girls, three years of age, who were born on the same day and at the same hour, were to be bled to death on the morning of their birthday in the emperor's palace. Their clothes were to be burned at a sacred fire, and their bodies thrown into the Tiber, so that nothing should remain of their identity while the emperor was taking his bath. But the mothers of the little babes, though devoted to the emperor, and belonging for the most part to the lower classes of society (so that a bribe or blood-money might have been deemed acceptable), objected to the doctor's prescription, and began shrieking and tearing their hair in the antechamber. Hearing all this noise, the emperor came out of his bath-room, and inquired the cause of the disturbance.

"What!" he exclaimed, "are the mothers sorry? They are ungrateful wretches! Give them some more money and let them be gone." And so saying, he disappeared into an inner room.

Soon afterward a second disturbance was heard, louder than the first, and a second time the emperor came out of his bath-room.

"What is the matter now?" exclaimed Constantine, who, though very ill (as has been stated), was able to walk about. "Are these women not contented yet? Do they want more money?"

"If you please, your majesty," said one of the servants, trembling in every limb, "they won't take the money. They want their children!"

"This is very extraordinary!" said Constantine, with a kind of start; "well, I suppose I must yield to them, for I do not like to make people uncomfortable. Take the children away!" So the babes were restored to their parents, and Constantine went without his bath; but not for long. Strange stories were flying about concerning the cures effected by another doctor, greater than any that had yet appeared. Sylvester, the persecuted Christian, had been going about bathing people in what he called a bath of righteousness, and sprinkling them with holy water; and the fame of these things, after being reported in various parts of Christendom, reached the emperor's palace. Constantine sent for one of his barons, called Lucius Alboyne, and bade him ride to Aspromonte at the head of a thousand knights, and bring the hermit to Rome. The baron, setting out immediately, arrived at his journey's end early on the fourth day. When he and his troops arrived at the foot of the hill, Sylvester was at prayers, and thinking his time was come (for he looked forward to a martyr's death), he went out to meet Alboyne, who, leaving his troops in the valley, advanced with one attendant toward the sacred grove. He immediately made himself known to Sylvester, telling him that Constantine had sent for him.

Sylvester smiled. "I was prepared for this," said he, "for I have seen angels in my dreams, and I know by this sign that my time has come."

"I have a thousand of these angels down yonder," said the sturdy Alboyne, with a loud laugh. "They are waiting for us with drawn swords. Hasten, I pray, for our lord expects us."

"My Lord expects me, indeed," said the hermit, piously; "but I am glad of this!" He then asked Alboyne two favors: first, whether his followers, or fellow-Christians, might be allowed to stay on the hill and practice their religion as heretofore; and secondly, whether he might be allowed to say mass before he went away. Both these favors were granted, and the two entering the garden, the holy man took a few turnip seeds out of a sack, planted them in the earth, and made the sign of the cross above them with his right hand. He then performed mass—greatly to the astonishment of Alboyne, who had never seen any thing of the kind before—and, lo! as he spoke, the turnips rose out of the ground and covered all the strips of earth over which the cross had been signed; so that the heathen Roman soldier saw and believed at once, and asked to be baptized. When he had confessed his sins, and had received absolution for the same, the two set out together, and arrived in Rome on the fourth day, accompanied by the thousand knights. The travelers were at once admitted to a private audience.

"I hear you are a great doctor," said the emperor, very kindly, when he had dismissed Alboyne. "Where is this water that you recommend? How much does it cost? How many baths must I take a day?"

"The water that I recommend is the Water of Eternal Life," said the hermit, with a smile. "It costs nothing. One bath, if taken in a spirit of truth, is sufficient."

"But what is this water called?" asked the emperor, whose curiosity was now fairly roused; "my doctors have never said any thing about it. I suppose it is some new invention?"

"It is older than the kingdoms of the earth," said the saint, lifting his eyes to heaven, "and it is called acqua santa, or the water of baptism."

"But will it cure me of my illness?" asked the emperor, still undecided.

"It will cure you and all mankind of all your illnesses, and prepare all of us for the life to come."

"Then give me some of this water in the name of charity, for I like your face, my father, and I am sure you are a good man."

The emperor bowed his head, and Sylvester sprinkled him with holy-water, so that the sufferer was instantly cured of his leprosy, and became a Christian and a notable pillar of the Church, nay, its principal supporter. In a few years the whole of the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity, and Sylvester was made Pope of Rome.

Another very popular story in the "Reali di Francia" is the story of Rizzio or Rizzieri, the first of the Palladins, and Fegra-Albana, daughter of the King of Tunis.

Two versions of the story exist: one short and sweet, like a nursery tale, or the song the fishers sing in the Bay of Naples; the other long-winded, and spun out into a kind of prose ballad, like the legends of the saints, with fifty episodes or sequels, each of which is, properly speaking, a separate story, though the names of the heroes and heroines are always the same. In the long version Rizzio is taken prisoner when he goes to Tunis, and is liberated by his jailer's daughter on condition that he marries her, which he is loath to do, as she has one eye larger than the other. He then enters the lists as the champion of Fegra-Albana, the king's daughter, and conquers all his foes; but the evil-eyed lady appears when least expected, and he is unable to obtain the hand of the beautiful princess, but is seized by treachery and shipped off to sea, where, after many strange adventures, he is sold to pirates. He escapes by an act of prowess and skill worthy of Sindbad the Sailor and Monte Christo combined, and fights his way back to Africa, across Turkey and the Holy Land, making his appearance once more at the court of the King of Tunis, where, on being recognized by the faithful page Arcail, he is led to his mistress's bower, and there lodged and fed till he is able to take part in another tournament. He gains a second victory, but Fegra-Albana, thinking he is killed, poisons herself, and the poor Palladin takes ship for Sicily, with Arcail for his man-at-arms, and gains more victories in field and bower, winning the love of another lady called Albana, but not Fegra, whom he marries and makes his queen; for he becomes a king of men. We have chosen the shorter and prettier of the two stories, that which brings the adventures of Rizzio and Albana to a happy climax, without putting them to unnecessary torture.

King Dannebrunne, sometimes called the Sultan of Babylon, after fighting several battles in Italy in unison with other kings and princes of the border lands of Africa and Asia, pitched his tents before the city of Rome and laid siege to it with an immense army, but without success. During the armistice which followed the first attack, he sent messengers to different parts of the world—to Spain, to Egypt, to Arabia, to Persia, and to Turkey—announcing that several kings and other potentates had been killed in the various engagements, and, among others, Prince Arcaro, cousin of the King of Tunis. To Tunis were sent three embassadors to report the prince's death, and to contract for a fresh supply of men and money in the event of war breaking out again. The king promised assistance, and the queen invited the embassadors to her private room to obtain a detailed account of the battles, and to satisfy the curiosity of her maids of honor, which was at least as great as her own. When every thing of a public nature had been described, the queen, bursting into tears, asked who killed Arcaro, saying she was sure he was some miserable assassin.

"No assassin, your majesty," said the principal embassador, "but a brave young soldier, as beautiful as a girl, and with no beard on his chin. His name is Rizzio, the Palladin, and he is twenty years of age."

"So young, and yet so famous!" said the queen. "But who is he? I could kill him with my own hand. I hate him, for he slew Arcaro."

One of the maids of honor blushed deeply at these words, and yearned to hear more about the beautiful knight. This was Fegra-Albana, daughter of the queen, a girl between fifteen and sixteen years of age, who served at her mother's court. The embassador proceeded with his story:

"Rizzio met Arcaro in single combat. Both were brave and true, and both were strong; but Rizzio was the stronger. He clove the prince's helm at one blow, and pierced him through the heart; but he refused the spoils of war, and left the corpse of that brave man to be honored by his friends. Would to Heaven that this Rizzio were a Saracen, for I have seen him in the field, both before and after victory, and never have I seen a man to be compared with him!"

The queen frowned at these eulogies, but dismissed the embassadors without giving vent to her displeasure, for she knew that the laws of chivalry required that men should speak well of their enemies. But she determined to avenge the death of Arcaro, and slew Rizzio many times in her dreams that night. Not so Fegra-Albana, whose youthful heart had become enamored of this prodigy, and could not sleep for thinking of him. Next morning at an early hour she called her page Arcail, a little man with rosy cheeks, a year older than herself, and thus addressed him:

"Arcail, I have always loved you and been kind to you, so I am sure you will do every thing I wish. I want you to go to Rome, where the armies of King Dannebrunne are encamped, and find out Rizzio, who will be easily discovered, for he is the most beautiful man in that part of the world, and give him this letter, which I have written with my heart's blood, and tell him, good Arcail, that where the letter is blotted (and it is blotted in many places) tears of love and tenderness have fallen from the eyes of a king's daughter. And if you praise my eyes, it will be well, and still better will it be if you tell the whole truth, which is, that I am beautiful, though not worthy to be his bride; but of my love you can not speak too much, for it is as deep as the sea, and reaches as far as Rome, where my hero lives, to which city, if you love me, Arcail, draw a passionate love-chain, and draw my lover here, that I may be saved from early death."

The page swore to obey the lady's commands, and knelt down while she administered the oath, which was that he would never reveal what he had that day heard, and that he would deliver the letter into no hands but those of Rizzio. After he had received money and passports from an officer of the palace, Fegra-Albana made him a present of a fine steed, and gave him one still finer for Rizzio, together with a shield and a garland of pearls, to be worn in the tilts and tournaments before the court. The page departed and took ship for Sicily, where he arrived in three weeks, after a stormy passage, and thence crossed the straits to the main-land, where he arrived in safety with the two horses, the shield, and the garland of pearls, reaching the camp of King Dannebrunne at the time of the full moon. When he found Rizzio, he gave him the letter and the costly presents, and asked for food and a night's lodging, as he was tired out.

Rizzio read the letter by the light of the moon, and was filled with wonder and delight at its contents, and, turning to Arcail, asked him, as he valued his own soul, to tell him all he knew about the Princess Albana: whether she was beautiful, how old she was, what were the principal characteristics of her beauty.

"There is only one sun in the sky," said Arcail, "and only one Albana on the earth. She is fairer than a flower and brighter than a star; she is straight as a palm-tree, and just tall enough to reach up to your heart if you stand side by side (as two such lovers ought), while she makes a bower for herself with her golden hair."

This reply satisfied Rizzio; that is to say, it made him very discontented, for he was glad to hear how beautiful his mistress was, but sorry that she lived so far away. He dismissed the page, and went into a lonely part of the camp and read her letter over again; and when he came to the words, "I, Fegra-Albana, love my hero Rizzio. I have never seen him, but I will be true to him. I shall die if I see him not," he resolved to go to her. He dressed himself in his best armor, put on the shield and the garland of pearls which the king's daughter had sent to him, and bade Arcail saddle his horse. The page, who had refreshed himself with a few hours' sleep and a hearty supper, was glad to return to Africa to his dear mistress; so they set out immediately. The good Arab steeds ran fast, and the brave ship flew before the wind, and landed them in safety on the coast of Tunis. In a few hours they were at the king's palace, and in a few minutes more they were in the boudoir of the princess, who clapped her hands for joy (for she was a girl still) when she saw her lover. Then she remembered that she was a king's daughter, and drew herself up to her full height and smiled upon the knight. This last, who had never seen any thing so beautiful in all his life, unless it were his own gracious self reflected on his shield and in the brooks by the way-side, threw himself at her feet, and, kneeling on one knee, exclaimed, "Oh, noble lady, deign to speak to me, for I am stricken down and conquered by your beauty, which is more potent than the swords of fifty enemies!" The lady smiled again, and bade him rise, and the two lovers, heedless of the presence of the page, heedless of the lateness of the hour, heedless of every thing except their own happiness, began questioning each other about their former lives; and the end of it all was that Fegra-Albana became the affianced bride of Rizzio. In three days they were married, unbeknown to any one but the page and a Christian monk, who converted Arcail and Fegra-Albana to the true faith, and escaped with them to Italy, where the page, who had been secretly in love with the king's daughter, died of a broken heart. The others lived for many a year in peace and happiness, for Rizzio gave up fighting and became a troubadour, and the father of a large family of soldiers and poets.